TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

VOL LI. TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1883. NO. 45

Poetry.

For the Blade.

THE WAY IS DARK.

BY MOSS ROSE.

I'm heart-sick and weary to-night,
And sigh as I dream of the past,
With joys too precious far to last,
And hopes that have taken their flight.

They are closed, the laughing blue eyes,
And the lips like the ruby wine,
The dainty hands once clasped in mine
Were folded 'neath fair morning skies.

Then from my life forever fled,
The features that it used to wear,
And there was left a round of care,
A dark and lonely path to tread.

A flossy lock of sunny hair,
And memories to wring the heart,
That bid the bitter tear drop start,
Of one so true, so wildly fair.

And while the stilly hours pass on,
The spirit's gloom is dark and deep,
For, O, the grave's dark edge is steep,
Down which her slumber feet have gone.

I sit with aching head low bowed,
And close my burning eyes and see
The fairy form, the footstep free,
And then the silent face and shroud.

With spotless robe and sainted feet,
She walks where angels come and go;
Look up in faith, my soul, and know,
The parted yet again shall meet.

O soul, beyond the darkened day,
Eternity is yet to be,
And naught can keep thine own from thee,
When earth mists shall have passed away.

For the Blade.

THE CREED OF LOVE.

BY W. S. FLAGLER.

The various creeds advanced by men,
By men denied, then preached again,
About the nature of the soul,
The breath—a part—of living whole;
If now the time is drawing near
When all shall Gabriel's trumpet hear,
Or in the mist of future years,
Deep hidden from our hopes and fears;
Whether the earth shall be destroyed
Or renovated and employed
As one grand realm of endless bliss
When time shall roll around to this;
Or if the Christian's Paradise
Is situate beyond the skies;
If man shall sleep till Judgment Day,
Or if the spirit flies away
To judgment when the breath is gone,
To prove the hopes Faith built upon;
If Three are One and One is Three,
Or each a real entirety;
And for the meed of wrong intent
Just what shall be the punishment;
These and a thousand vagaries more
Which men have found to quarrel o'er
(The non-essentials to salvation,
Precursors of dire tribulation),
Are turning many from the way
That leads to bright, eternal Day.
Then let us throw aside all thought
Of disputation, fierce and hot;
Its harvest is but doubt and hate,
And infidelity hath sate
In dignity serene and calm
Upon the ruin of its storm.
Enough for us to understand
That in the blessed "happy land,"
Beyond this world of tears and woe,
Where all desire and hope to go,
Our Savior will be near to bless
With pure and heavenly happiness
The creatures of His loving care,
And sin can never enter there;
That in the judgment of our Lord
Each shall receive his just reward,
May happiness illume each face
At thought of God's eternal grace.
Accept this truth, concise and terse,
Love rules the moral universe.

For the Blade.

GALILEE.

BY MRS. NINA ROBERTS.

Oh, Galilee! Sweet Galilee!
My fond heart often turns to thee;
Thy sacred shores in dreams I view.
Sweet dreams! My heart with rapture thrills;
I see thy skies serenely blue
Bend low to kiss the circling hills.

Thou art the same, oh Galilee!
As when our Lord taught by the sea;
The wild bird's song, the wind's sweet breath,
The blue waves lapping up the shore,
The stars reflected in thy depth—
The same as in the days of yore.

I dream of how He loved to be
On thy broad bosom, Galilee,
How rocked by winds and waves, He slept
Serenely as a little child,
Nor heeded when the storm king swept,
Across thy surface fierce and wild.

Oh, Master! earnest Thou not that we
Must perish here on Galilee?
Save, Lord! So his disciples pray.
He rose, and with a regal will
Spake, and the tempest fled away
At His command, "Peace! be thou still."

Oh, Jesus! Master! speak to me!
Speak Thou of peace o'er life's dark sea.
When all Thy billows o'er me roll,
And through the gloom no stars appears,
Speak Thou, oh Christ, unto my soul,
And quiet all my doubts and fears.

Toledo, Oct. 29, 1883.

NUTTING-TIME.

The month was October, the frosts had come down,
The woodlands were scarlet and yellow and brown;
The harvests were gathered, the nights had grown chill,
But warm was the day on the south of the hill.

'T was there with our bags and our baskets we went,
And searching the dry leaves we busily bent;
The chestnuts were big and the beech-nuts were small,
But both sorts are welcome to boys in the fall.

And when, in the ashes beneath the bright flame,
On eves of November, with laughter and game,
The sweetmeats are roasted, we recollect still,
How fine was the day on the south of the hill.

—*St. Nicholas for November.*

Trubel.

NASBY IN EXILE.

SECOND SERIES.

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Roman Ruins, and Roman Degeneracy—Cause of the Same—The Bosses of Old—Roman Horses—The Aqueducts—Roman Architecture.

LVV.

STOVES AND CIVILIZATION.

In looking over these ruins that are so majestic one wonders what must the structure have been originally; one wonders how it is possible that the race of giants that conceived and erected them could have degenerated into a people so infinitessimal as the Romans of the present day. The old Roman was strength itself—the present Roman is the very ideal of weakness. Rome fell with the introduction of respectable iron stoves in the North. In the days before Christ the strong barbarians of Germany and the countries of the North and East had no means of keeping themselves comfortable in the severe Winters of the climate that made them strong, and they continually descended in hordes upon the fertile plains of Italy, living in their perpetual Summer, where lolling in the sun was possible. These strong, hardy races were perpetually recruited by captives made in wars, who in time became freemen, and thus there was a perpetual, never-ending addition of good blood that kept up the stamina of the race. The old Roman was not a Roman at all, but a Northman living in Rome.

But finally when the Northmen became civilized to the extent of making themselves comfortable in the Winter, and of making existence pleasant in their own climate, they did not come down upon Italy in sufficient numbers to maintain a population that bid defiance to the enervating qualities of the climate, and Rome fell, and its people depreciated into what they are.

It is the old truth over again. Men do not labor unless they are compelled to. There can be no greatness of character without the labor necessary to its development. The climate of Italy makes much labor unnecessary, and consequently the average Italian labors as little as possible.

The wonderful structures of the time of the Cæsars, and before could never have been built by the present Italians. They haven't energy enough to make the ruins that remain—in fact, they have scarcely energy enough to keep the ruins in decent repair. They burn statuary into lime rather than to quarry the limestone which is everywhere. It was much easier, even 20 years ago, to burn a Venus into lime than it was to go 20 yards and pick up limestone.

There has been more statuary burned for this purpose within 100 years than Rome possesses, and much of it was better than any that has been preserved, if we may judge by the fragments that escaped the hungry clutch of the Vandals who knew not what they did.

MOSAIC WORK.

One of the very few industries of Rome is the manufacture of mosaics, the largest establishment being under the control of the Church and employed almost entirely in the adornment of churches and religious estabishments. The process of making a picture in mosaic is very slow and requires the highest order of skill. To begin with mosaic is made of glass and its value consists in its being indestructible. The workmen in great pictures have to have something over 27,000 shades of colored glass, to produce the tints requisite, as in a mosaic every color is necessary the same as in an oil painting. To make a picture the process is this: A plate of metal of required size is surrounded by a raised margin, an inch in hight. A mastic cement of powdered stone, lime and linseed oil is spread over the bottom of the plate and that covered with plaster-of paris to the level of the rim. Upon this the picture to be made is very carefully drawn, and the mechanic's work commences. He takes a piece of glass of the exact tint necessary, and fits it to its place, grinding it to get the shape. Then he goes on, one piece at a time till the picture is finished, then the face is ground down to a smoothness, and the picture is set in its place.

Some of the greatest pictures of ancient and modern times are in mosaic, the tints, with all the delicate shades, being as carefully reproduced as in oil, and the effect being even greater. The ceilings of many of the great churches are entirely of mosaic, as well as many of the great altar pieces and other decorations. As they are absolutely indestructible and never lose their color, they are very much prized. A picture in mosaic costs, but then it is eternal, barring fire and earthquakes.

All over Rome are small shops devoted to the manufacture of mosaic table tops, box covers, etc., the workman toiling all his life on one subject. The man who commences on St. Peter's, on table tops, or the Coliseum, never does any other subject, and he becomes so skilful in this one subject that he is enabled to make them not only well but very cheaply. He has only the tints to manage that enter into the one picture, and he places them mechanically and very rapidly.

OLD-TIME JOBS.

The streets of old Rome were paved with stones very much like the boulders of the present, though in the more pretentious avenues flat flags were used. Alas! they had Boss Tweeds and swindling street contractors in those days as now. They had rings in ancient Rome, who waxed rich by stealing from the tax-payers, they had contractors who amassed wealth by defrauding the public, then as now. There is on one of the streets leading into the Forum, a piece of very bad pavement. The stones are inferior, and it clearly shows how cheaply and shabbily it was laid down. It is as shoddy as shoddy can be.

This is the identical piece of pavement that called forth from Cicero a most vigorous denunciation. He denounced the contractor and the system that made such work possible, and succeeded in bringing about a reform in this particular.

The contractor was probably a boss in old Rome. He doubtless wore diamonds of enormous size, and flashy tunics and other clothes, he ran ward caucusses and controlled bar-rooms, he had a following of lewd fellows of the baser sort, he was the President of clubs which owned sumptuous resorts, and was counted as one of the powers in Rome. But Cicero hunted him down, and it is to be hoped he served his time in the penitentiary, as the New York bosses did, and ended his life miserably. Whether all this happened or not, the paving remains to show that Treasury thieves were as common then as now, and that swindling Cities is by no means a latter-day invention.

It is a marvelously bad piece of paving and it is no wonder that Cicero denounced it and the contractor who inflicted it on the City.

ROMAN HORSES.

There are more fine horses to be seen in Rome than in any capital in Europe, Vienna not excepted. It is the Winter home of a vast number of wealthy English, French, Germans and Americans, and the prevailing vanity is the pardonable one of fine horses and costly equipages. Therefore the very finest and best in the world are brought in here and displayed daily. The horses in carriages are almost entirely English, and size as well as action is a requisite. It is not uncommon to see a pair of horses in a carriage 20 hands high, faultless in shape, and perfect in action. They step with the majesty of a King and the grace of a woman. They are dainty monsters who move as though they knew their beauty and appreciate their position. Upon these magnificent creatures before a carriage as elegant as mechanical skill can devise, and as elegant as highly paid taste can ornament, put harnesses glittering with gold and silver, and you have a brave sight and one to be really enjoyed. There are thousands of these equipages in Rome, and any fine afternoon there is a procession of them the whole length of the principal streets.

The natural Roman horse is an inferior brute, hardly superior to the absurd little rat-like donkey who does most of the labor. The horse is an under-sized, under-fed, meek looking being, always with raw spots on him, and always humble as though he realized his inferior station in the animal kingdom. The carriage horses in Rome are all imported, the natural Roman animal not being adapted to that service.

A MAGNIFICENT WATER SUPPLY

Rome has a better water supply than any City in Europe, though why it should have water in plenty is a mystery. Certainly the Romans never bathe in it, or drink it, so why water? But they have it and in wild profusion. A part of the City is supplied from famous springs miles away, the water coming into the City via acqueducts, built before Christ, and so built that they are as serviceable to-day as when the wretched slaves, captured in war, laid the brick and stone of the enormous arches. These acqueducts, ruins of which traverse the Campagna in every direction, are from 40 to 60 feet in hight, the water running in a wide channel at the top. One, by which a part of Rome is supplied with water, is 58 miles in length and there are three of these acqueducts now in use, and in addition there are numberless wells of beautiful water within the City, the waters of which gushing into fountains are used, and the Tiber itself, whose water has a reputation for purity strangely very much at variance with its yellow appearance, is held in high repute.

Everywhere on almost every square are fountains spouting water, to which the people resort for what of the fluid they use. It is used for cullinary purposes by those who have anything to cook, and the streets and gardens are sprinkled with it.

ROMAN BUILDINGS.

The buildings of old Rome were built for all time, and it is no wonder that they exist to-day in good preservation. Earthquakes were powerful enough to split them, and Time to wear them, but destruction by fire was almost impossible. The walls are a good six feet thick, the brick was burned very carefully, and the mortar used was a cement that became harder than any stone. There was no shoddy work in building in those days. The temples were of course intended to endure forever, for they were the monuments of the builders, and their vanity prompted them to make the buildings eternal, and the dwellings were built so as to be warm in the Winter and cool in the Summer. Then they had another advantage which modern builders lack—their labor cost nothing. Constantly at war and always successful, Rome had very cheap labor.

The fearful age of Rome is shown in many things, but in none more than in the splitting of the great walls in the ruins of the palaces and temples by the roots of trees. You see a wall 10, 20 feet thick split in twain, and how? Hundreds of years ago, by some means, possibly a bird dropped it and possibly the wind carried it, the seed of a tree fell in and clung to the mortar of the wall that man could hardly move. It took root, soil gathered about it, the tiny roots found their way by the all-powerful mechanism of Nature, into crevices, the root swelled and grew with a force irresistible in its weakness. Something had to give, and as life is stronger than death, even if the life be in a tiny root, and the death a monster of a wall, the latter parted, and the living tree rose from the tomb of man's vanity, and flourishes to day, the triumph of Nature over Art.

The stone of the wall, which was to be perpetual, is changing into soil by the action of the elements, and herbage grows from the debris of what was, 20 centuries ago, solid rock. All the stone that made the temples and palaces of Rome is slowly but surely disintegrating, and thick herbage covers much of it now. Time is stronger than man, perpetuity is only the property of Nature. Hers is the only sway that is complete and perfect.

IMPERIAL PALACES.

The palaces of the old Emperors, some of them, were built over the ruins of those still older. The first were built upon the original level of the ground, and the roofs, after the custom of the time, were converted into gardens upon which the families and their guests disported themselves in the hot days of the Summer. Their successors, desirous of more room or more opportunity for display, did not tear away the old palaces, but took advantage of the new level created, and built another on the top of the old one, the walls being of strength enough to support a dozen new edifices. The palaces on the Palatine Hill all have other palaces beneath them, the lower apartments being in some cases 35 feet from floor to ceiling. The old palaces were converted into apartments for domestics, stables and kitchens and all that sort of thing, the grand banqueting halls and so forth being in the new structure above. As these palaces occupy acres in extent, the number of people they contained may well be imagined.

One room which is in every banqueting hall in the old residences of the Roman nobility, affords an insight into their habits and customs. Adjoining the banqueting hall is a very small room, just large enough to accomodate two persons. There is a marble basin, through which a stream of water ran. And its use? Its name, the "vomitorium," explains that. The ancient Roman glutton ate to gratify his palate, that is, after Rome became rich and luxurious. The cooks of the world were employed to torture luxuries brought from all the world to tickle the palates of the luxurious epicures, and when the stomach would hold no more, the noble eater retired to this room, tickled his throat with a feather, and emptied the contents thereof into the marble basin, and returned to gorge himself and so on till Nature would bear no more, and he was taken to his bed.

It is consoling to know that every now and then an Emperor would die of a surfeit at these unmerciful feasts, and thus rid the world of one imperial pig. But most of them possessed too strong constitutions to die even of this excess. Unfortunately there were too many with strong constitutions.

Our Story Teller.

THE YELLOW MASK.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "Percy and the Prophet," "A Rogue's Life," etc., etc.

PART THIRD.

CHAPTER IV.

Signor Andrea d'Arbino, searching vainly through the various rooms in the palace for Count Fabio d'Ascoli, and trying, as a last resource, the corridor leading to the ball-room and grand staircase, discovered his friend lying on the floor in a swoon, without any living creature near him. Determining to avoid alarming the guests if possible, D'Arbino first sought help in the ante-chamber. He found there the Marquis's valet, assisting the Cavaliere Finello (who was just taking his departure) to put on his cloak.

While Finello and his friend carried Fabio to an open window in the ante-chamber, the valet procured some iced water. This simple remedy, and the change of atmosphere, proved enough to restore the fainting man to his senses, but hardly—as it seemed to his friends—to his former self. They noticed a change to blankness and stillness in his face, and when he spoke, an indescribable alteration in the tone of his voice.

"I found you in a room in the corridor," said D'Arbino. "What made you faint? Don't you remember? Was it the heat?"

Fabio waited for a moment, painfully collecting his ideas. He looked at the valet, and Finello signed to the man to withdraw.

"Was it the heat?" repeated D'Arbino.

"No," answered Fabio, in strangely hushed, steady tones. "It have seen the face that was behind the yellow mask."

"Well?"

"It was the face of my dead wife."

"Your dead wife!"

"When the mask was removed I saw her face. Not as I remember it in the pride of her youth and beauty—not even as I remember her on her sick-bed—but as I remember her in her coffin."

"Count! for God's sake, rouse yourself! Collect your thoughts—remember where you are—and free your mind of its horrible delusion."

"Spare me all remonstrances; I am not fit to bear them. My life has only one object now—the pursuing of this mystery to the end. Will you help me? I am scarcely fit to act for myself."

He still spoke in the same unnaturally hushed, deliberate tones. D'Arbino and Finello exchanged glances behind him as he rose from the sofa on which he had hitherto been lying.

"We will help you in everything," said D'Arbino, soothingly. "Trust in us to the end. What do you wish to do first?"

"The figure must have gone through this room. Let us descend the staircase and ask the servants if they have seen it pass."

(Both D'Arbino and Finello remarked that he did not say *her*.)

They inquired down to the very courtyard. Not one of the servants had seen the Yellow Mask.

The last resource was the porter at the outer gate. They applied to him; and in answer to their questions he asserted that he had most certainly seen a lady in a yellow domino and mask drive away, about half an hour before, in a hired coach.

"Should you remember the coachman again?" asked D'Arbino.

"Perfectly; he is an old friend of mine."

"And you know where he lives?"

"Yes; as well as I know where I do."

"Any reward you like, if you can get somebody to mind your lodge, and can take us to that house."

In a few minutes they were following the porter through the dark, silent streets.

"We had better try the stables first," said the man. "My friend, the coachman, will hardly have had time to do more than set the lady down. We shall most likely catch him just putting up his horses."

The porter turned out to be right. On entering the stable-yard, they found that the empty coach had just driven into it.

"You have been taking home a lady in a yellow domino from the masquerade?" said D'Arbino, putting some money into the coachman's hand.

"Yes, sir; I was engaged by that lady for the evening—engaged to drive her to the ball, as well as to drive her home.

"Where did you take her from?"

"From a very extraordinary place—from the gate of the Campo Santo burial-ground."

During this colloquy Finello and D'Arbino had been standing with Fabio between them, each giving him an arm. The instant the last answer was given he recled back with a cry of horror.

"Where have you taken her to now?" asked D'Arbino. He looked about him nervously as he he put the question, and spoke for the first time in a whisper.

"To the Campo Santo again," said the coachman.

Fabio suddenly drew his arms out of his friends, and sank to his knees on the ground, hiding his face. From some broken ejaculations which escaped him, it seemed as if he dreaded that his senses were leaving him, and that he was praying to be preserved in his right mind.

"Why is he so violently agitated?" said Finello, eagerly, to his friend.

"Hush!" returned the other. "You heard him say that when he saw the face behind the yellow mask, it was the face of his dead wife?"

"Yes. But what then?"

"His wife was buried in the Campo Santo."

CHAPTER V.

Of all persons who had been present, in any capacity, at the Marquis Melani's ball, the earliest riser on the morning after it was Nanina. The agitation produced by the strange events in which she had been concerned destroyed the very idea of sleep. Through the hours of darkness she could not even close her eyes; and, as soon as the new day broke, she rose to breathe the early morning air at her window, and to think in perfect tranquillity over all that had passed since she entered the Melani Palace to wait on the guests at the masquerade.

On reaching home the previous night, all her other sensations had been absorbed in a vague feeling of mingled dread and curiosity, produced by the sight of the weird figure in the yellow mask, which she had left standing alone with Fabio in palace corridor. The morning light, however, suggested new thoughts. She now opened the note which the young nobleman had pressed into her hand, and read over and over again the hurried pencil lines scrawled on the paper. Could there be any harm, any forgetfulness of her own duty, in using the key inclosed in the note, and keeping her appointment in the Ascoli gardens at 10 o'clock? Surely not—surely the last sentence he had written, "Believe in my truth and honor, Nanina, for I believe implicitly in yours," was enough to satisfy her this time that she could not be doing wrong in listening for once to the pleading of her own heart. And besides, there in her lap lay the key of the wicket-gate. It was absolutely necessary to use that, if only for the purpose of giving it back safely into the hand of its owner.

At this last thought was passing through her mind, and plausibly overcoming any doubts and difficulties which she might still have left, she was startled by a sudden knocking at the street door; and, looking out of the window immediately, saw a man in livery standing in the street, anxiously peering up at the house to see if his knocking had aroused anybody.

"Does Marta Angrisani, the sick-nurse, live here?" inquired the man, as soon as Nanina showed herself at the window.

"Yes," she answered. "Must I call her up? Is there some person ill?"

"Call her up directly," said the servant; "she is wanted at the Ascoli Palace. My master, Count Fabio——"

Nanina waited to hear no more. She flew to the room in which the sick-nurse slept, and awoke her, almost roughly, in an instant.

"He is ill!" she cried, breathlessly. "Oh! make haste, make haste! He is ill, and he has sent for you!"

Marta inquired who had sent for her, and on being informed, promised to lose no time. Nanina ran down-stairs to tell the servant that the sick-nurse was getting on her clothes. The man's serious expression, when she came close to him, terrified her. All her usual self-distrust vanished; and she entreated him, without attempting to conceal her anxiety, to tell her particularly what his master's illness was, and how it had affected him so suddenly after the ball.

"I know nothing about it," answered the man, noticing Nanina's manner as she put her question with some surprise, "except that my master was brought home by two gentlemen, friends of his, about a couple of hours ago, in a very sad state—halt out of his mind, as it seemed to me. I gathered from what was said that he had got a dreadful shock from seeing some woman take off her mask, and show her face to him at the ball. How that could be I don't in the least understand; but I know that when the doctor was sent for he looked very serious, and talked about fearing brain-fever."

Here the servant stopped; for, to his astonishment, he saw Nanina suddenly turn away from him, and then heard her crying bitterly as she went back into the house.

Marta Angrisani had huddled on her clothes, and was looking at herself in the glass to see that she was sufficiently presentable to appear at the palace, when she felt two arms flung round her neck; and, before she could say a word, found Nanina sobbing on her bosom.

"He is ill—he is in danger!" cried the girl. "I must go with you to help him. You have always been kind to me, Marta—be kinder than ever now. Take me with you—take me with you to the palace!"

"You, child!" exclaimed the nurse, gently unclasping her arms.

"Yes—yes! if it is only for an hour," pleaded Nanina—"if it is only for one little hour every day. You have only to say that I am your helper, and they would let me in. Marta! I shall break my heart if I can't see him, and help him to get well again."

The nurse still hesitated. Nanina clasped her round the neck once more, and laid her cheek—burning hot now, though the tears had been streaming down it but an instant before—close to the good woman's face.

"I love him, Marta; great as he is, I love him with all my heart, and soul, and strength," she went on, in quick, eager, whispering tones; "and he loves me. He would have married me, if I had not gone away to save him from it. I could keep my love for him a secret while he was well; I could stifle it and crush it down, and wither it up by absence. But, now he is ill, it gets beyond me; I can't master it. O, Marta! don't break my heart by denying me. I have suffered so much for his sake that I have earned the right to nurse him!"

Marta was not proof against this last appeal. She had one great and rare merit for a middle-aged woman—she had not forgotten her own youth.

"Come, child," said she, soothingly; "I won't attempt to deny you. Dry your eyes, put on your mantilla; and, when we get face to face with the doctor, try to look as old and ugly as you can, if you want to be let into the sick-room alone with me."

The ordeal of medical scrutiny was passed more easily than Marta Angrisani had anticipated. It was of great importance, in the doctor's opinion, that the sick man should see familiar faces at his bedside. Nanina had only, therefore, to state that he knew her well, and that she had sat to him as a model in the days when he was learning the art of sculpture, to be immediately accepted as Marta's privileged assistant in the sick-room.

The worst apprehensions felt by the doctor for the patient were soon realized. The fever flew to his brain. For nearly six weeks he lay prostrate, at the mercy of death; now raging with wild strength of delirium, and now sunk in the speechless, motionless, sleepless exhaustion which was his only repose. At last the blessed day came when he enjoyed his first sleep, and when the doctor began, for the first time, to talk of the future with hope. Even then, however, the same terrible peculiarity marked his light dreams which had previously shown itself in his fierce delrium. From the faintly uttered, broken phrases which dropped from him when he slept, as from the wild words which burst from him when his senses were deranged, the one sad discovery inevitably resulted—that his mind was still haunted, day and night, hour after hour, by the figure in the yellow mask.

As his bodily health improved, the doctor in attendance on him grew more and more anxious as to the state of his mind. There was no appearance of any positive derangement of intellect, but there was a mental depression—an unaltering, invincible prostration, produced by his absolute belief in the reality of the dreadful vision that he had seen at the masked ball—which suggested to the physician the gravest doubts about the case. He saw with dismay that the patient showed no anxiety, as he got stronger, except on one subject. He was eagerly desirous of seeing Nanina every day by his bedside; but, as soon as he was assured that his wish should be faithfully complied with, he seemed to care for nothing more. Even when they proposed, in the hope of arousing him to an exhibition of something like pleasure, that the girl should read to him an hour every day out of one of his favorite books, he only showed a languid satisfaction. Weeks passed away, and still, do what they would, they could not make him so much as smile.

One day Nanina had begun to read to him as usual, but had not proceeded far before Marta Angrisani informed her that he had fallen into a doze. She ceased with a sigh, and sat looking at him sadly, as he lay near her, faint and pale and mournful in his sleep—miserably altered from what he was when she first knew him. It had been a hard trial to watch by his bedside in the terrible time of his delirium; but it was a harder trial still to look at him now, and to feel less and less hopeful with each succeeding day.

While her eyes and thoughts were still compassionately fixed on him the door of the bed-room opened, and the doctor came in, followed by Andrea D'Arbino, whose share in the strange adventure with the Yellow Mask caused him to feel a special interest in Fabio's progress toward recovery.

"Asleep, I see, and sighing in his sleep," said the doctor, going to the bedside. "The grand difficulty with him," he continued, turning to D'Arbino, "remains precisely what it was. I have hardly left a single means untried of rousing him from that fatal depression; yet, for the last fortnight, he has not advanced a single step. It is impossible to shake his conviction of the reality of that face which he saw (or rather which he thinks he saw) when the yellow mask was removed; and, as long as he persists in his own shocking view of the case, so long will he lie there, getting better, no doubt, as to his body, but worse as to his mind."

"I suppose, poor fellow, he is not in a fit state to be reasoned with?"

"On the contrary, like all men with a fixed delusion, he has plenty of intelligence to appeal to on every point, except the one point on which he is wrong. I have argued with him vainly by the hour together. He possesses, unfortunately, an acute nervous sensibility and a vivid imagination; and, besides, he has, as I suspect, been superstitiously brought up as a child. It would be probably useless to argue rationally with him on certain spiritual subjects, even if his mind was in perfect health. He has a good deal of the mystic and the dreamer in his composition; and science and logic are but broken reeds to depend upon with men of that kind."

"Does he merely listen to you when you reason with him, or does he attempt to answer?"

"He has only one form of answer, and that is, unfortunately, the most difficult of all to dispose of. Whenever I try to convince him of his delusion, he invariably retorts by asking me for a rational explanation of what happened to him at the masked ball. Now, neither you nor I, though we believe firmly that he has been the dupe of some infamous conspiracy, have been able as yet to penetrate thoroughly into this mystery of the Yellow Mask. Our common sense tells us that he must be wrong in taking his view of it, and that we must be right in taking ours; but if we cannot give him actual, tangible proof of that—if we can only theorize when he asks us for an explanation—it is but too plain, in his present condition, that every time we remonstrate with him on the subject, we only fix him in his delusion more and more firmly."

"It is not for want of perseverance on my part," said D'Arbino, after a moment of silence, "that we are still left in the dark. Ever since the extraordinary statement of the coachman who drove the woman home, I have been inquiring and investigating. I have offered the reward of 200 scudi for the discovery of her; I myself examined the servants at the palace, the night-watchman at the Campo Santo, the police-books, the list of keepers of hotels and lodging-houses, to hit on some trace of this woman; and I have failed in all directions. If my poor friend's perfect recovery does indeed depend on his delusion being combated by actual proof, I fear we have but little chance of restoring him. So far as I am concerned, I confess myself at the end of my resources."

"I hope we are not quite conquered yet," retured the doctor. "The proofs we want may turn up when we least expect them. It is certainly a miserable case," he continued, mechanically laying his fingers on the sleeping man's pulse. "There he lies, wanting nothing now but to recover the natural elasticity of his mind, and here we stand at his bedside, unable to relieve him of the weight that is pressing his faculties down. I repeat it, Signor Andrea, nothing will rouse him from his delusion that he is the victim of a supernatural interposition, but the production of some startling, practical proof of his error. At present he is in the position of a man who has been imprisoned from his birth in a dark room, and who denies the existence of daylight. If we cannot open the shutters, and show him the sky outside, we shall never convert him to the knowledge of the truth."

Saying these words, the doctor turned to lead the way out of the room, and observed Nanina, who had moved from the bedside on his entrance, standing near the door. He stopped to look at her, shook his head good-humouredly, and called to Marta, who happened to be occupied in an adjoining room.

"Signora Marta," said the doctor, "I think you told me some time ago that your pretty and careful little assistant lives in your house. Pray, does she take much walking exercise?"

"Very little, Signor Dottore. She goes home to her sister when she leaves the palace. Very little walking exercise indeed."

"I thought so! Her pale cheeks and heavy eyes told me as much. Now, my dear," said the doctor, addressing Nanina, "you are a very good girl, and I am sure you will attend to what I tell you. Go out every morning before you come here, and take a walk in the fresh air. You are too young not to suffer by being shut up in close rooms every day, unless you get some regular exercise. Take a good long walk in the morning, or you will fall into my hands as a patient, and be quite unfit to continue your attendance here. Now, Signor Andrea, I am ready for you. Mind, my child, a walk every day in the open air outside of town, or you will fall ill, take my word for it!"

Nanina promised compliance; but she spoke rather absently, and seemed scarcely conscious of the kind familiarity which marked the doctor's manner. The truth was, that all her thoughts were occupied with what he had been saying by Fabio's bedside. She had not lost one word of the conversation while the doctor was talking of his patient, and of the conditions on which his recovery depended. "Oh! if that proof which would cure him could only be found!" she thought to herself, as she stole back anxiously to the bedside when the room was empty.

On getting home that day she found a letter waiting for her, and was greatly surprised to see that it was written by no less a person than the master-sculptor, Luca Lomi. It was very short; simply informing her that he had just returned to Pisa, and that he was anxious to know when she could sit to him for a new bust—a commission from a rich foreigner at Naples.

Nanina debated with herself for a moment whether she should answer the letter in the hardest way, to her, by writing, or in the easiest way, in person; and decided on going to the studio and telling the master-sculptor that it would be impossible for her to serve him as a model, at least for some time to come. It would have taken her a long hour to say this with due propriety on paper; it would only take her a few minutes to say with her own lips. So she put on her mantilla again, and departed for the studio.

On arriving at the gate and ringing the bell, a thought suddenly occurred to her, which she wondered had not struck her before. Was it possible that she might meet Father Rocco in his brother's workroom? It was too late to retreat now, but not too late to ask, before she entered, if the priest was in the studio. Accordingly, when one of the workmen opened the door to her, she inquired first, very confusedly and anxiously, for Father Rocco. Hearing that he was not with his brother then, she went tranquilly enough to make her apologies to the master-sculptor.

She did not think it necessary to tell him more than that she was now occupied every day by nursing duties in a sick-room, and that it was consequently out of her power to attend at the studio. Luca Lomi expressed and evidently felt, great disappointment at her failing him as a model, and tried hard to persuade her that she might find time enough, if she chose, to sit to him as well as nurse the sick person. The more she resisted his arguments and entreaties, the more obstinately he reiterated them. He was dusting his favorite busts and statues, after his long absence, with a feather brush, when she came in; and he continued this occupation all the while he was talking—urging a fresh plea to induce Nanina to reconsider her refusal to sit, at every fresh piece of sculpture he came to, and always receiving the same resolute apology from her as she slowly followed him down the studio toward the door.

Arriving thus at the lower end of the room, Lucca stopped with a fresh argument on his lips before his statue of Minerva. He had dusted it already, but he lovingly returned to dust it again. It was his favorite work—the only good likeness (although it did assume to represent a classical subject) of his dead daughter that he possessed. He had refused to part with it for Maddalena's sake; and, as he now approached it with his brush for the second time, he absently ceased speaking, and mounted on a stool to look at the face near and blow some specks of dust off the forehead. Nanina thought this a good opportunity of escaping from further importunities. She was on the point of slipping away to the door with a word of farewell, when a sudden expression from Luca Lomi arrested her.

"Plaster!" cried the master-sculptor, looking intently at that part of the hair of the statue which lay lowest on the forehead. "Plaster here!" He took out his penknife as he spoke, and removed a tiny morsel of some white substance from an interstice between the folds of the hair where is touched the face. "It is plaster!" he exclaimed, excitedly. "Somebody has been taking a cast from the face of my statue!"

He jumped off the stool, and looked all round the studio with an expression of suspicious inquiry. "I must have this cleared up," he said. "My statues were left under Rocco's care, and he is answerable if there has been any stealing of casts from any one of them. I must question him directly."

Nanina, seeing that he took no notice of her, felt that she might now easily effect her retreat. She opened the studio door, and repeated, for the twentieth time at least, that she was sorry she could not sit to him.

"I am sorry too, child," he said, irritably, looking about for his hat. He found it apparently just as Nanina was going out; for she heard him call to one of the workmen in the inner studio, and order the man to say, if anybody wanted him, that he had gone to Father Rocco's lodging.

Written expressly for the Blade.

Jethro Throop's Night Thoughts.

No. 9.

SCENE—Jethro's room. Jethro himself sitting in a chair, with one boot off, as though he had determined to go to bed, and had commenced disrobing himself, but wasn't entirely certain whether he would or not. TIME, 8½ o'clock, Sunday evening.

It is true, as Perkins told me, Jack Armsby is not only a scoundrel, but he is the hugest small imposter in the world. His clothes are unpaid for, his diamonds are paste, his watch his pinchback, his pretensions are like his watch and diamonds, and his prospects—well, mine is just as good as his, and the Lord knows they are dismal enough. What a magnificent liar the fellow is! What a talent he has in that direction! I thought him a gentleman when I saw him at home. He loomed up grandly in Millburg when he stood beside the homespun-clad rusties there, but how cheap and infinitesimal he appears here! Why, he isn't a decent swell even. There are degrees in snobbery, which Jack acknowledges; for the last time I was out with him, he shrunk to the very wall when a genuine swell, whose jewelry was genuine, passed him. Such fellows get along well enough in places where they are free from comparison, but how small they are, and how keenly they realize their smallness, when they get alongside the people they are!

But knowing Jack Armsby, and knowing what a dog he is, why did I go out after him this morning? Why did I take the trouble to seek him out, and with him get together the same party with whom I have committed all my follies, and spend the day with them? Perkins is moral. Perkins has no vice, no bad habits. Perkins is the support of a widowed mother, and he manages to support her in comfort on what he saves from his salary. Perkins is precisely the kind of a man my mother and father would desire me to associate with, and Armsby, Mason, and Adams are precisely the men they would not have me know. It's a good thing for mothers that they don't know what their sons are doing. My mother is this minute happy in the belief that I was at church at least twice to-day, and mayhap at Bible-class as well. Why didn't I go with Perkins, as he wanted me to, and as I promised, out into the country, and get a breath of fresh, pure air, and sit under the shade of a tree once more, and spend the day in a decent way?

Was it the drink I took in the morning that swept that promise out of my mind, or, rather, drowned it? for I remembered it even after I started to find Armsby. The drink!—why I needed it. I felt, when I awakened in the morning, tired and low spirited, I could eat no breakfast, and I had to have it to straighten me out and make me fit for any thing.

And now that I think of it, I have been taking drinks in the morning, regularly, for three weeks. Four weeks ago, I was only taking them occasionally, but for three weeks, one every morning has been a necessity, and for 10 days I had to have one at night before retiring. A necessity! Has it come to be a necessity? Four weeks ago, one every other day; and a week later, every day, 10 days later, morning and evening! Next week, if it goes on at this rate, I shall have to go out during the day for liquor, and then—

Why didn't I go with Perkins into the country, and why did I go with Armsby into stifling, smoke-filled, whisky-tainted doggeries in the City? Why, I can't bear the country, and I don't like people of the Perkins stripe. I did like the country and honest people once, but that day has gone by. There is no excitement in Perkins, or in anything that Perkins does. When I am with Perkins, all the troubles I have come flocking upon me, as they do when I am in bed, just before I go to sleep; but when I am with Jack Armsby and that party, the whisky, the cards, the smoke, the glare, the excitement, drive them away, and for the time at least I am as rich as Dimity, and as far along in the world as Crash. Wonder if half the success in New York haven't a very similar foundation? Wonder if half the possessors of the carriages, horses, diamonds, and fine clothes that I see have a more secure footing? Wonder if half the men who are to-day living like princes in the city are not fluttering out their days with no better surety for the future than I have, or, for that matter, no more reality in the present?

But I got through the day better than I ever did before. I spent my week's salary, as a matter of course, but I made it up. I didn't play, but there came into the room two who did, who were as innocent as I was three months ago, and who fell into just such hands as I did. I sat beside one of them, observing the play half drunk, and that ten-dollar note, half out of his pocket, was so easy to take! I took it as a joke, intending to return it to him; but no one observed me, and I kept it. Is it stealing? Sabbath-breaking, drinking, gambling, lying, thieving! A little while ago, a pigeon, now a hawk!

But if I hadn't taken the money, that black-whiskered fellow who was playing with him—like enough to the scoundrel who fleeced me to be his twin brother—would have taken it; so where's the difference? I need it more than he does, for I must send it to my father. My God! if he knew how I got it, he would burn it sooner than touch it, as poor as he is. It wasn't stealing from the young fellow—it was taking it from a thief, who had as good as stolen it from him, and it cannot be wrong to plunder such wretches.

Keep it! Certainly I will. And now I see my way out of my difficulties. I won't play; I will quit drinking entirely; I will spend nothing, pay nothing, till I accumulate enough to return that which I borrowed of father. I will cut loose from the habits that they have fastened upon me; I will never put my

the afternoon, and only left me when they could get no more out of me. I wasted to go to the "Spread Eagle" for a game of cards, but Jack said no. He didn't believe in letting any professional gambler get any of my money. Careful and considerate man—they wanted it all themselves. They squeezed out of me every dollar that old Solomons gave me for the two pieces of goods I took to him Friday.

And Solomons knows where the goods were from and how I got them. When he offered me thirteen dollars for the two pieces, and I indignatly told him he was an old thief, for they were worth seventy-five dollars, he looked me through and through, and said, with a most significant shrug of the shoulder, that if he bought them at thirteen dollars, the only way he could get his money out of them would be to take them right back to Dimity, Crash & Co.'s, where they came from, and sell them. "They deals in such goodsh," he remarked, showing me their tag, which I had forgotten to remove.

"I can't gif you but ten, ma child," he said, and of course I took it. I tried to take the goods away, but he said I had better not, in a tone that satisfied me that he knew he had me in his grip. "Ma tear," said the old wretch, with his talon-like fingers on my shoulder, "yon shoost pring me all ove dese goots vot you gits your hatsh on, and I vill bay you petter brice next dimes. Gome mit some more by next Monday. I says notting 'pout my gustomers."

And he gave me a look which went through me like hot iron. He knew that I stole them, and he let me know that he knew it, that I might fully appreciate the fact that I was in his hands. I do appreciate it. I have got to take him this piece sure, for to-morrow is Monday, and I dare not disappoint him. Suppose he demands more goods of me! It can't go on forever. One, two, three, or even five pieces may be taken and not missed, but I dare not risk more than that. And I get no benefit from my thieving. The law gives me next to nothing for the plunder, and now that Jim Mason and Jack Armsby know that I am stealing, they will do as they did yesterday, take all that the Jew gives me. I'm happily situated! In the hands of a Jew second-hand clothing dealer, and two of the fairest young men in New York! I have brought my ducks to a pretty market!

Oh! why did I commence stealing? Why did I drink and gamble to make stealing necessary? Why can't I be as virtuous before doing a mean thing as I always am afterward?

I ought to send that money home next week. I must pay the ocean of debt I owe here. The ill-looking villains who keep dog-holes where I have got bills have got to coming to the store and insisting for me, and Dimity has already seized it. I haven't a cent. I shall get something of Solomons to-morrow for this piece of goods, but that will go to stop Jim Mason's mouth. Why, he could ruin me by a word. If he should say a single word, or give even a hint to any one in the house, I would be in the hands of the police in an hour. I can't refuse him anything that he asks for, from this time on. I may catch him in something, and so hold him: but there's Armsby, who is in another house, and he knows as much of my matter as Mason does.

Can I stop drinking and retrieve myself? Can I get my feet out of this trap? Not now. I'm too miserable. I'm in a net, and the more I struggle the more my feet are entangled. I can't bear to think of myself. I can't——

[We know not what it was that Jethro was about to say he couldn't do. There was one thing, however, that he could do, and that he did—namely; dress himself and go to the "Spread Eagle" drinking-house, of which mention has been made heretofore. He not only went, but he stayed till late in the night, in frantic endeavor to lose sight of his worst enemy—himself. He succeeded, for he was carried home by his friends.]

Written for the Toledo Blade.

PIONEER LIFE.

Recollections of Early Days in the West.

BY DR. H. SCOTT.

No. 20.

WAR OF 1812.

We are not about to write a history of the war with Great Britain commonly spoken of as the War of 1812. Its history has been written. We only design to record a few reminiscences, from memory, of the times as connected with the Northwest. Seventy years have blotted from existence every thing and nearly every person that had anything to do with it, and we must turn to the printed pages for information. Only here and there now is to be found a solitary man who, as a youth, participated in these three years of strife and carnage, and now and then a gray-headed matron who, as a young girl, looked upon some of the passing scenes; and very soon not one will be left above ground to rehearse the story. The present age hears of the War of 1812 as they do of the Revolution, all far back in the dim and ever dimming past. The causes and consequences of the war are not thought of as anything that concerns mankind now. They belonged to and affected another age and another people, all of whom, and of what, sleep with their fathers, and are buried with the debris of the dead ages, where the present will be as the conflict of age ages goes on. How will it be when 70 years more have sped? Scarcely a soul on earth to-day will be remembered—not one, beside the few who shall have made their mark in literature, or in history, on account of favoring fortune, or noble or ignoble deeds, or heroism. The restless millions of to-day will have turned to dust.

The writer recalls a cold Winter night; with deep snow on the ground, when, as a child, he stood out in the yard with his mother and some neighbors, looking at the comet of 1811 flaming in the sky, and apparently standing out over Lake Erie, or Canada. They called it a blazing star, and said it was a sign of war. The war followed speedily, and in the Summer of of 1812 was in full blast. The comet had fulfilled its mission, and retired to the depths of infinite and boundless space, and left the contending armies to work out the issues. How much the rumors of war with Great Britain that preceded the appearance of the comet had to do with the inspiration of the idea of its heraldic visitation, must be left to conjecture. It came and went; and the war followed; and it is probable that four-fifths of all the people then living in the United States believed the comet came, or was sent, to tell of the war.

In the settlement where my parents lived there were Quakers. They claimed to be religiously and conscientiously opposed to going to war, or bearing hostile arms, and did not therefore enlist. Two or three of them were drafted, but they refused to go, and were imprisoned in the County jail. How long they remained in confinement, or upon what conditions released, is not remembered. My father and six of his neighbors enlisted on a six months' campaign. The morning they left our house and the day they returned are as vivid as if it were but yesterday. Their knapsacks were made by their wives, of home-made linen, and were filled with corn dodgers, fat bacon and dried venison. They started with their own rifles. Their families were left to do the best they could; but women then could do what women now cannot, or at least are not called upon to do. The cabins were somewhat remote, and the house dogs were about the only protection. There was a village of the Miamis seven miles from our place, but they were friendly. They were roving about the country all the time, and were at our cabin almost daily, and often brought my mother game.

On the day of the return of the men an instance of the sagacity or instinct of dogs occurred, that was indeed very wonderful. We had two house dogs, Watch and Spy. It was early in September, and in the morning. The dogs dashed into the house and sprang upon my mother, apparently in an ecstacy of joy; then out, and ran off on the State road out of sight, and back again; and this they repeated three times. My mother said they surely were coming, and gathering up the children, one in arms, we all set out towards the north, the dogs making dashes forward, and then back to meet us. We passed through two small prairies, and had gone over a mile, when the seven men appeared coming out of a grove some distance ahead. They were over two miles away when the dogs first became excited. The men had been in Hull's surrender, and came home on parole.

Our cabin was on the old State road leading from Limestone, (Maysville) Kentucky, to Sandusky, which was the principal route of the armies to and from the seat of war. It was therefore almost a daily occurrence for army wagons, long trains of pack horses, and companies on foot to pass and repass our house. They sometimes camped near; sometimes in the grove opposite our house. A large part of the army supplies was carried out on horseback, on account of bad roads, and swamps and swales at the North. From 20 to 100 pack horses in a line was a frequent sight. About 200 pounds was the regulation weight for each horse. The burden was strapped onto what was called a pack saddle, which need not be described. Women sometimes accompanied their husbands to the war, notwithstanding the perils and hardships. I recall an occasion when a regiment encamped for the night opposite our house. They had a train of wagons and a number of pack horses. The men slept on the ground. They were Kentucky troops. It was in the Fall of the year, and they were returning to the South. The woods were fired from their camp fires, and burned out over the prairies, which caused much alarm to the settlement before it was put out. Among them were three or four women with children. One of them came to the house for milk. She had a little girl of about seven years old, and a baby a year old. She has been gone from home six months, and had buried her second child at the North. She said she went along as a cook, and of her own choice.

In the Winter of 1813 and 1814, my father was teaching the neighborhood school. The school house was about one mile west from our house. There was a deep snow on the ground. One morning he took his bag of corn and horse to the school, intending to go on to the mill after school was dismissed in the evening, and remain over night, so that he could be back in the morning in time for school. It was five miles from the school house to the mill.

That night there came to our house 10 men in charge of 100 pack horses, on their return from the North. The horses were thin and worn with hard service. They wanted to stay all night. My mother told them it was out of the question, and tried to induce them to go on to the Townsley settlement, seven miles below. But they said it was sundown and they must stay. They had their provisions and cooking utensils, and would not give her any trouble, and she was compelled to consent.

Our house was a double cabin, and one end of it was the loom house. There was a web in the loom about one-half woven. The men turned in and helped to take the loom down and pile it away in the entry, web and all, and that department of the house was given up to the soldiers. They built a rousing fire and kept it going all night, consuming nearly the last stick of the wood pile, and about one half of the clap boards off the loft. They had whisky, and used it freely. They sang songs, and caroused the greatest part of the night, so that my mother remained up through fear that they would burn the house down before morning. They were civil enough to come to the door two or three times and tell her not to be afraid, that no harm would be done.

My father had a three acre lot of corn, in shock. They turned their horses into a lot, and carried out more than half the shocks and spread them over the ground. The horses ate all they wanted, and left a great deal of shelled corn scattered about.

My father came home in the morning at sun rise, and just when the men were at breakfast. When they were ready to go, the Captain came in to ask for the bill. He was told to fix the amount himself, as he knew what he was in the habit of paying. He emptied a bag of silver on the table, and counted out $30, and asked if that was enough, part of it was "cat" money. It would have been liberal, if the matter had ended well, which, however, it did not. There were seven head of sheep on the place, which cost a high price, for the first sheep brought into the new country sold very dear. When my father was ready to start to school, he drove the sheep into the lot where the horses had been, and told mother to have them turned out within half an hour. There were dried leaves on some of the corn stalks, which the sheep ate in addition to the shelled corn, being very fond of them. They were left too long, and ate too much, the result of which was, that four of the seven died the same day.

Sheep were first introduced north of the Ohio River chiefly from Kentucky, and were sold at an average price of about $5 a head. The climate did not agree with them, and many of them died with the "rot," as it was called. The disease was a kind of bronchitis and was the same that in horses was called glanders. And thus it was, that between the wolves and the rot, it was many years before sheep could be produced in the Northwest in considerable numbers.

Humor.

Nebraska Enterprise.

Wall Street News.

A butcher living up at Yorkers came down to Gotham the other day to interview a citizen who had spent some time in Nebraska, and could give him a few pointers in regard to moving out there.

"Yes; nice soil, good climate, good people, and a wonderful place for a butcher," was the reply.

"So you think I'd do well?"

"You can't help it—if you take the right kind of a dog."

"Dog! What has a dog got to do with it?"

"Everything, sir. Such is the wonderful fertility of Nebraska that a good dog can kill a dozen sheep in one night, and such is the enterprise of butchers out there that they ride out early next morning and buy the carcasses at one-third of their real value. Get your dog, sir—don't think of selling out until you get your dog."

Positively the Last.

Wall Street Street.

A traveler for a New York house found a new firm down in a Jersey town about three months ago. The sign over the grocery read: "Jacob Reber & Co." On his next trip down the sign had changed. It read: "Jacob Reber & Son." When the traveler struck the town the third time he looked for the sign and discovered that it read: "Hans Reber & Father." The old man stood in the door, and the traveler halted and said:

"I see that this firm has changed again?"

"Yes, we make a shange last vheek."

"What's the matter—can't you agree?"

"Vhell, you see, I make der puilding, my wife furnish der money, und Hans puts in his experience. It vhas a leedle mixed."

"Going to make any other change?"

"Shust one more. Next week der sign will be: "Mrs. Jacob Reber." She pays me rent, hires Hans by der vheek, and expects to boom mit der Fall trade like under."

A Mean Joke.

Arkansas Traveler.

About as mean a joke as was ever conceived was perpetrated by a well-known Southern journalist. The journalist and a lawyer met in a bar-room—a resort not unfamiliar—and entered into a conversation which ended in intoxication. They walked around the Village until such work became tiresome to the newspaper man, whose soul yearned for something more exciting. A vicious idea occurred to him. He filled a bottle with villainous whisky, the kind known as "sixty yard and double sighted," and invited the lawyer to accompany him to the Village, where he proposed to rest in the shade. The editor began an interesting story and would occasionally pass the bottle to his legal friend, who, interested in the story, did not observe the editor's failure to drink. It was not long until the lawyer was beastly drunk, and, remarking that he needed rest, bade the editor good afternoon and stretched himself on the ground and sank into a deep sleep. The editor smiled maliciously and went away. He soon returned with an ear of corn, which he shelled and put into the lawyer's pockets. Then he went a short distance away where a lot of hogs were rooting, and "tolled" them to the lawyer. The hungry animals, scenting the corn, pounced upon the lawyer, turned him over and over, tore his clothes—actually stripped him and rolled him into a mud-hole.

"Lookout, lookout!" said the lawyer. "Don't crowd a fellow out of bed that way. Hold on, you're tearing the quilt. Never saw the like. Men can't go to bed without being disturbed. Tend to your own case after awhile, gen'lemen. Know you ain't guilty, for've got the proof to sustain the facts in the case. Look out! Blame it, let me sleep awhile. Court ain't in session. Well, if you must—stay," and he struggled to his feet and staggered away.

Next day he met the editor and said:

"Nice way to treat a man. I believe I'll maul you right here."

"I couldn't help it," the other replied. "I fell asleep and when I awoke I found that the devilish hogs had carried me to the other side of Town."

The Sort of Thing for October.

Burlington Hawkeye

"Two years ago," says a Missouri exchange, "on Jim Lawton's farm in Missouri, bread was baked from wheat which eight and a quarter minutes before was standing in the field. This year Jim undertook to beat his record. Mrs. Lawton was ready with her griddle and hot oven and the reaper was started soon after 6 o'clock one morning. In one minute and 30 seconds a peck of threshed wheat was in the sack; one minute and 17 seconds later the flour from the mill hard by was handed to Mrs. Lawton, and four minutes and five seconds after the reaper was started the first griddle cake was eaten. In four minutes and 30 seconds from the starting of the reaper a pan of well-baked biscuits was passed out to the spectators. Fifty neighbors witnessed the feat, and are ready to maintain that Jim and his wife are the champions of the world for the speedy conversion of standing grain into the staff of life." That sounds a little bit rapid, on the first reading, but after all, in these 24 o'clock days, there is nothing remarkable, or at least, nothing marvelous or out of reason in it. Now there is old Uncle Siebert, right here in this County, owns a farm in Yellow Springs, bought a young heifer last June, broke her to milk in single harness the same day, and his wife went out to milk her five minutes after, and the heifer kicked the old woman and a cedar rail clear through a panel of rail fence, and the family had no end of i scream ready and more a coming. Biscuit in four minutes from the time the reaper started! Why, it isn't so much to halloo over, after all. It has been 28 years now since Parson Applebee set out his orchard on the Agency road. He was a young man then, and he hadn't set out the first row of trees, young nursery shoots at that, when old Haskell's Bessie came by, and in less than 15 minutes the young preacher was sitting be cider on a log, with them trees scarcely in the ground. And yet everybody in Des Moines county knows Jake Bessinger, of Flint River Township. Last Spring he was a little late getting his corn in, but he crowded things, and hadn't got the first 40 fairly dropped before he went to a bunch of sassafras scrubs in a fence corner and had two of the biggest drinks of whiskey a man ever pulled in a prohibition state. Get away with your four-minute biscuit.

The Opera House that Vanderbilt.

New York World.

This is the Opera House that Vanderbilt.

This the Box, so full of scorn, that stood in the Opera House that Vanderbilt.

This is the Valet, all shaven and shorn, who stood behind the Box that looked with scorn on the people in the pit so lowly born who patronized the Opera House that Vanderbilt.

This is the Reporter, somewhat given to "corn," who spake to the Valet all shaven and shorn, with reference to the elegant raiment worn by the folks in the Box that loooked with scorn on the plebeians in the pit so lowly born who patronized the Opera House that Vanderbilt.

This is the Snub to the Reporter forlorn, administered by the Valet all shaven and shorn, who stood by the Box that looked with scorn on the people in the pit who wished they had never been born when they thought how thoroughly they had been forsworn by patronizing the Opera House that Vanderbilt.

He was a Brute.

Hartford Post.

"I have something—particular—to say to you, Miss Edith," said Elmer to Garcelone, as he drew himself where he could watch the firelight play in her face. "Well, I've been expecting—something—of the kind," replied Edith, and she tried to stare a live coal out of countenance. "There's a change—come over my prospects—I'm no longer the wealthy Elmer de Garcelone who paid you court at Saratoga the past season." "Don't mention it. I know all. I have determined that I shall still be true to you." "Heaven's! but that's just what I don't want you to be. I've fixed up a match with Ethel de Bullion, worth a million and a half, and I just dropped in to tell you about it." Breach of promise suit now on.

Oysters for Three.

Philadelphia Call.

"Mother," said Mrs. Langtry, as a dainty little note was delivered at the door, "Mr. Gebhard is down stairs, and invites me out to have some oysters."

"Mr. Gebhard is a very nice young man," replied Mrs. Le Breton, as she adjusted her glasses. "You can send him word that we will be ready in a few moments."

A Question of the Age.

Le Charion.

The President of the Assizes Court, questioning lady witness—Your age, Madame?

The lady (in a low voice)—Twenty two.

The President—Thirty-two, you say, Madame?

The lady (quickly)—No sir, 27.

Two Questions and All was Over.

San Francisco Post.

"Have you got quail on toast?" asked a seedy-looking party as he entered a Market street restaurant the other day.

"Have you got an eagle on silver?" asked the proprietor.

And the conference adjourned *sine die*.

Miscellany.

RECENT LITERATURE.

THE WISDOM OF GOETHE. By John Stuart Blackie. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

This volume contains a collection of the wise sayings and maxims of the great German poet, translated directly from the German. These are prefaced with a clearly written estimate of his character, from the author's standpoint given, he says, in order to do away as far as possible with the misconception and prejudice that many English have, and lead them to do the poet such justice as he deserves. The volume is both interesting and valuable.

DESIGN IN TEXTILE FABRICS. By Thomas R. Ashenhurst, head master, textile department Bradford Technical College. New York, Cassell & Co. Toledo, T. J. Brown, Eager & Co.

The aim of this interesting little volume is to place before the reader as briefly and completely as possible the principles of design in textile fabrics and particularly to combine the subject of decoration with that of the proper structure of the cloth, since the want of accurate knowledge of the relations of decoration and structure have been the cause of considerable waste of labor and expense in manufacturing concerns. The author thinks this is largely due to the fact that there has hitherto been no systematic treatment of the question; and he therefore attempts to lay down the principles as a preparation for the practical work of designing.

THE MERRY ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD. By Howard Pyle. Published by Chas. Scribners' Sons, New York. Toledo, T. J. Brown, Eager & Co.

In this book—perhaps the most original and elaborate ever produced by an American artist—Mr. Pyle has told, with pencil and pen the complete and consecutive story of Robin Hood and his merry men in their haunts in Sherwood Forest, gathered from the old ballads and legends. The simple English ballad has been most successfully preserved in Mr. Pyle's easy prose, and, as regards the text, this edition is in all respects one of the most complete that has ever been issued. The illustrations by Mr. Pyle set forth most graphically every eventful scene in the narrative, and they are in perfect keeping with the story, even to the smallest detail. The leather binding and general make-up of the book deserve more than a passing mention. Every detail has been carefully wrought out by the author, and the exterior of the volume is in perfect keeping with its contents.

THE WHEELMAN.

The *Wheelman* for November has for a frontispiece a fine engraving of the Columbia bicycle prize cup, a full description of which is given by Mr. Charles E. Pratt. Maurice Thompson contributes an essay on the "Influences of Outdoor Life in Literature." Edith M. Thomas' sketch, "Echo," is most charmingly written. A rather novel view is taken of 'cycling as an aid to scientific readers by a new writer. A. S. Parsons and C. A. Hazlett contribute very readable articles. Charles Richards Dodge brings "A Shadow Love" to a pleasant and dramatic conclusion. Mrs. M. H. Catherwood writes a most interesting bicycling story, Part I. appearing in this issue. The news department is full. With the Christmas number all the out-door sports will be fully represented.

THE CENTURY.

The *Century* opens well with a portrait of Queen Victoria at the age of 19. In the article by Mr. Oliphant, is another full page portrait, showing the Queen in more advanced life. That popular author, Charles Dudley Warner, contributes the opening article, the "Bull Fight," there are several illustrations. Two biographical sketches of timely interest are "Tourgueneff in Paris." by Alphonso Dundet, and "Madam Modjeska," by Ranken Towee, and both have portraits engraved by Cole. The fourth installment of the "Bread-winners" shates not in interest nor lowers its high standard of excellence. Among the open letters, a comment by Mr. Shriver is answered by the author of this popular novel. A paper upon the "Scenes of Cable's Romances" is of exceeding interest. The first part of a short novel by Mr. Henry James will be received with pleasure by his admirers.

SCANDINAVIA.

This is the title of a new monthly journal published in Chicago, the first number of which has just made its appearance. It is to be devoted to the people of Northern Europe who are settled in this country, and will furnish interesting contributions to the history of the Scandinavian settlement in America. The first number has an able editorial upon Scandinavia, an article on "The Landed System of Denmark," by N. C. Fredrickssen;" "Bjornson's New Drama," by Clemens Petersen;" "Hendrick Ibsen," by Thorkild Schovelin; "Home Politics," "Paul and Virginia of a Northern Zone," a poem, and Notes and News. Published at No. 36 North Clark street, Chicago. $2.00 per year.

MACMILLAN'S.

The contents of this excellent magazine for October are: "A Swiss Peasant Novelist;" "Indian Facts in Indian Policy;" "A Panhellenic Festival of To-day;" "Corporal Punishment in Schools" "The 'Why' and the 'How' of Land Nationalization;" "Genius;" "The Wizard's Son;" "Review of the month." MacMillan & Co., New York.

ART AMATEUR.

The *Art Amateur* for November is one o the most interesting and instructive numbers of that valuable periodical. It is largely taken up with illustrations of the work of Walter Crane, the pictorial supplement being the frieze designed by that artist for Miss Catherine Wolfe's Newport mansion. It illustrates Longfellow's poem, "The Skeleton in Armor." The *Art Amateur* is admirably fulfilling its purpose of fostering in the household a love for the beautiful and artistic. Published in New York by Montague Marks.

GODEY'S LADY BOOK.

This oldest of lady's magazines in America makes its appearance for November with an attractive table of contents which will not fail to interest its readers. Its fashion articles are very good, and also its descriptions of fancy work, etc. It must continue to be a welcome visitor in many households of the land, not only in those where its face is well known, but in the newer ones which have just learned to give it welcome.

THE MANHATTAN.

This new monthly seems to increase with goodness with each number. The issue for November is well illustrated, and has for contents the following: Miss Ellen Terry and Mrs. Sterling as *Juliet* and *The Nurse;* Henry Irving and His Work; The Flown Soul; Beatrice Randolph; Romances; Wadsworth and the Modern Age; Sympathy; Thomas Carlyle, and His Influence on the English Language; The Evergreens; Tinkling Cymbals; William Lulke; The Old Cradle of Liberty; A Kiss in a Dream; John Emerson Gaines' Love Affairs; Recent Literature; Town Talk; Salmagundi. Published at New York; $3 a year.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELER'S MAGAZINE.

The contents of this entertaining and sprightly periodical for November are: Spanish Vineyards and Bodegas. (Illustrated.) The Specter Monk. (Illustrated.) Found Dead; How it Worked; Sunset; The Treasure of Treasure Island; Six Months of Bliss; The Adventures of a Fake; The Apocryphal C. T.; My First Duel; The Jolliest Man on the Road; Smoke and Dust and Ashes; Hungary's Greatest Poet; De Quesnoy's Last Banquet; For Dear Ambition's Sake; Traveler's Night at Home; Language of Animals; Girl Life in India, etc. Published by the Commercial Traveler's Magazine Company, New York.

THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for November gives much of its space and several of its stronger papers to the consideration of educational topics. The question of the value of classical studies, which is creating such a stir in the colleges, is treated from different points of view by Prof. Cooke, of Harvard College, and by the editor. The editor reviews Pres. Porter's reply to Mr. Adam's address, and sets against his assertions of the high value of classical studies the adverse testimony of such teachers as Pres. Barnard, Prof. Blackie and Dr. Farrar. Hygienic matters receive a lively stirring up, not only in Dr. Oswald's ("The Remedies of Nature") recommendation of an active life as a remedy for the alcohol habit, but also in his trenchant answer to Dr. Black's objections to the doctrines of Nature cures. Among other articles well worthy of attention, both on account of the subject and the manner in which it is treated, are Prof. Bixby's "Influence of the Environment on Religion;" Prof. Rowland's "Plea for Pure Science;" Dr. Dawson's address on "Some Unsolved Problems in Geology;" "The Age of Trees," by J. A. Farrar; "Diets for Infection," by R. T. Thorne, and an illustrated article showing the construction of a "Home-made Telescope," by Dr. George Pyburn. The Island of Ischia, which has suffered so severely from earthquake, is described, and its history related in an illustrated paper.

A NEW COOK-BOOK.

T. B. Peterson & Bros. have issued a new edition of "Francatelli's Cook Book for 1884." The new book contains 1,480 recipes and 62 illustrations. It has been revised by the author, and contains much new and valuable matter for either the professional cook or the housekeeper. M. Francatelli is the "chief cook to Her Majesty, Victoria, Queen of England." The price is $5.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Robert Browning is writing a new poem.

"The Unity of Nature," the new work by the Duke of Argyle, will soon be published.

"A Brave Girl" is the title of the serial story which Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps is preparing for *Wide Awake*. The scene opens at Smith College.

A daughter of the late Charles Lever, Miss Sydney Lever, has developed literary tastes and proposes to publish a volume of poems to be entitled "Fireflies."

A number of new etchings by the most successful students of the art in America will illustrate the holiday editions of the "Essays of Elia," which the Putnams are preparing to issue.

ALTHOUGH MANY ARE PREDISPOSED TO LUNG TROUBLES FROM BIRTH, yet even such may escape Consumption or other Pulmonary or Bronchial disease, if due care and watchfulness be observed, and all exciting causes are promptly treated as they arise. It is in these cases Dr. Jayne's Expectorant exercises its most beneficial effects, and has produced the largest proportion of its cures. Besides promptly relieving Coughs and Colds, which, when left to themselves, are the immediate causes of tuberculous development, this standard remedy allays any inflammation which may exist, and by promoting easy expectoration, cleanses the lungs of the substances which clog them up, and which rapidly destroy when suffered to remain.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

Montana has paid, in all, $1,000,000 as internal revenue.

Buffaloes are becoming scarce in the ranges of Nevada.

A man in Franklin County, Tenn., killed 16 ducks at one shot last week.

Antelope are numerous in Northern Texas, and the sportsmen are happy.

The new editor of the *Saturday Review* is the second best fencer in England.

It is a crime in Washington Territory to run a race with an Indian, even for fun.

A blind man at Horseheads, N. Y., recently recovered his sight by cutting wood.

Good butter retails in Tucson, Arizona, at $4.25 a pound, while eggs are in demand at 65 cents per dozen.

A swallow-tailed coat made over 50 years ago is owned by Jacob Fetter, of Bedford County, Pennsylvania.

The First Congregational Church at Dover, N. H., was built in 1633, and is still used as a place for worship.

The first two of six volumes of "Lord Lytton's Biography," by his son, will be published within a fortnight.

A dramatic version of Zola's "Pot Bouille" has been offered to two English managers, and was declined without thanks.

An unprecedented demand for oysters is reported. They are fortunately abundant and of excellent quality for any cooking.

Boilers of an uncertain age, like single ladies in the same condition, are not to be relied upon. They are likely to blow up at any moment.

The sale of liquor is now prohibited, in whole or in part, in 71 Counties in Georgia, leaving less than half of the Counties in which the sale is unrestricted.

The Rev. Thomas E. Green, of Chicago, whose subject on Sunday morning last was, "The Newspaper and How the Devil Uses It," said that Noah's dove was the first reporter.

"Maud" wants to know if it is immodest to speak of night-caps. We certainly cannot see anything immodest about it, but at the same time it is better to avoid slang and frankly say "hot toddy."

He ate anchovy salad for the first time, stopped and looked at the host in an awful manner, saying: "Sir, if my cook played such tricks on me and my guests, I'd shoot him at sight—yes, sir, at sight."

The largest sum which Anthony Trollope ever received for a novel was $15,675. He received that on "Orley Farm." He received a larger rate for a shorter story. "The Claverings" was sold for $14,000.

The Earl of Lytton has written six poems of considerable length for the *Youth's Companion*. They are strongly characteristic of the author of "Lucille," and are the first contributions he has ever made to an American periodical.

Mrs. J. R. Green, the widow of the historian, has herself been completely revising her husband's "Conquest of England" according to his last instructions. The book carries on the history of England up to the period of the Norman conquest.

After the style a Langtry admirer, a youth thus ordered his dinner on a Delmonico slip the other day: "Rear oysters; consommay soupe, samon, Fillay of de beef. Potaytows, fresh pease, Lettuce sallud, cor-frey, one Pint shampayne—october 16, 83."

A Philadelphia man has invented a table for use in Pullman palace dining cars. In one corner is a box with a slit the size of a silver dollar. The weight of the dollar rings a bell which calls a waiter, who pockets the dollar and hands you a bill of fare. It is much simpler than the old fee system and saves time.

A manuscript worthy of Mr. Shapira, the "Life of Nero," by a Florentine monk, said to have been bought by the National Library of Paris, contains much interesting matter in regard to Nero and a demi-mondaine of the period, called Julia. It is altogether spicy reading.

One of our merchants received the following order from a customer a few days since: "Mr. B——, please send me $1 worth of coffy and $1 worth of shoogar, some small nales. My wife had a baby last nite, also two needlecks and a monkey-reuch."—*Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.*

Girl barbers are employed in a New York shop, but it is said that they do not take well with the public. No wonder. When a man sees a woman with a razor in her hand the thought immediately flashes across his mind that she is about to cut her corns. Of course this takes away all the romance of being shaved by a woman.—*Yonker's Gazette.*

There is a minister in this City who, when he performs the marriage ceremony, has frequently been noticed to put a very strong emphasis upon the last word of the sentence reading "for better or for worse." When his attention was called to it he replied that his conscience would not permit him to put any stress on the word better.—*Hotel Mail.*

News of a curious invention comes from the south of France. A Frenchman, who has petented a machine for the use of concentrated solar rays as a general motive power, has set up three of his machines in Algeria for the French Government. He is now carrying on experiments at the island of Porquerolles, near Hyeres, where he is threshing Indian corn and raising water by the action of the sun's rays.

One of the first questions the Princess of Wales asked Mary Anderson was "Where is Kentucky?" Like the good girl she is, Mary promptly informed her that Kentucky was bounded on the North by the Ohio River, on the West by the Mississippi, on the East by Henry Watterson, and on the South by 40,000 Democratic majority. The Princess naively confessed that she had never heard of the Ohio and Mississippi, but had frequently noticed Henry Watterson on the maps.

PEOPLE WHO ARE TALKED OF.

Lord Coleridge likes our roast beef.

Judge Holman never looks in a mirror.

The Marquis of Lorne is half-seas over.

Hactor h'Irving h'is 'appy h'and h'larious.

Pugilist Sullivan will go to the Pacific Coast.

Railroad Commissioner Fink never plays billiards.

General Sheridan will have a bust in Chicago.

General Grant may move to Washington some day.

Abram S. Hewitt gobbles Turkey with the Sultan.

Henry Bergh never tied a tin kettle to a dog's tail.

Senator Morgan, of Alabama, has a taste for mechanics.

Mr. Blaine has refused an offer of $100,000 for his new book.

Governor Ben Butler doesn't like left-handed compliments.

Jules Verne is popular among the sailors on his private yacht.

Ben Butler is putting red pepper on the Massachusetts stove.

Uncle Rufus Hatch has soured on big picnics and free lunches.

Miss Terry's acting is no longer a mystery to the American public.

Pedestrian Rowell is gradually getting the kinks out of his sea legs.

Abram S. Hewitt is tenderly solicitous for the moral welfare of collegians.

Lawrence Barrett is a great favorite in society and is dined continually.

Keppler, the cartoonist, has again dipped his mightier-than-the-sword in gall.

Mackey, the bonanza king, is "burning the midnight oil" in search of wisdom.

Mrs. Langry wears a No. 4½ shoe and a No. 6½ glove, but she wears no false hair.

Miss Emily Faithful will work faithfully in Canada for the comfort of poor English girls.

Mme. Sambrich, the new and popular prima donna, has had a soup named after her.

The Princess of Wales likes to have her picture taken. So does every beautiful woman.

Henry Irving says that Oscar Wilde is a very clever fellow. "Clever" may mean almost anything.

"I'll Pay for It."

New York Sun.

A man leaned against the Astor House bar yesterday with a party of four friends, and casually shuffled four cards with plaid backs.

"Take one," said he at length, holding the cards invitingly toward his friends, with the faces down. Whon each had selected one, they turned them over and read in succession this:

"Shall we take a drink?"

"Most certainly."

"Who will pay for it?"

"I will."

"The latest thing in cards," said the man. "It's not a bad idea, either. More romatic than flipping pennies, and not any more expensive."

The Maiden's Prayer Answered.

Despair not maiden fair, but hope
To escape your burdensome toil
By using New French Process Soap,
And the clothes neither scald nor boil.

FOR THE LADIES.

The priests of Brittany have ordered the Breten girls not to sell their hair.

In London this Autumn fashion decrees that ladies' hair shall not be cropped.

Miss Emily Faithful is going to Canada to see whether there are opportunities in the border districts for poor girls from London.

It is said that when Mary Anderson exerts herself more than usual on the stage little icicles form on her forehead in lieu of perspiration.

A Boston lady says that women who have husbands to support must make them work. This woman's rights movement seems to be getting beyond control.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth, the author of many of the best Sunday-school hymns of the present day, died recently at the home of her daughter at Boston Highlands.

In San Francisco recently a man and his wife, alleged to be worth about $75,000, were arrested for compelling their children nightly to peddle fruit about the streets.

Mrs. Marwood, widow of the hangman, died a few days ago in consequence of intemperate habits. It is said that at every execution her husband allowed her a bottle of gin.

A Massachusetts woman's poodle was killed by lightning as it lay in bed with her, but the woman was not injured. She will have another poodle and put up a lightning rod.

The managers of Emma Abbott and Gen. Sherman should try and make dates in St. Louis at the same time. We are ready to back Emma's kiss against anything the old warrior can produce.—*Chicago News.*

Three years' constant study in Italy, says an exchange, will make an American girl know too much to sing in church and too little to be useful in opera. And it might be added of no account as a housewife.

"How does my Jersey fit?" asked a Philadelphia girl of her country aunt. "Do you call that jacket a Jersey?" responded the old lady. "La, me! That must be because the mosquito can bite through it."

Byron says "Man's love is of man's life a thing apart, 'tis woman's whole existence." Byron did not live long enough with his wife to discover how much a woman's existence is involved in Spring bonnets and sealskin sacks.

A lot of women voted in Binghamton, N. Y., the other day, and when their tickets were handed them, they wanted to take them home and run a hem around the edges so they wouldn't ravel out. A woman knows lots about the ballot.

Miss Yonge, the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," has been writing for young people a series of papers on the discoverers, settlers and early wars of America, with accounts of the Revolution, the abolition of slavery, etc. The volume is to be entitled "Stories of American History."

"Dollars and cents are a mighty valuable consideration in matrimony," said Mr. Bipking to his wife. "Yes, dear, I'm aware of it." "And it seldom that it is equally divided. Have you noticed that?" "Yes, dear; in your own case for instance. You had all the dollars and I had all the sense."

"Clara Belle" says "blessed if she can see why unshapely girls wear Jerseys." We'll tell you, Clara. It is because it is the fashion to wear 'em. Why, bless you, if it was the mode to wear green hair, the girls would still follow the dictates of fashion.—*Norristown Herald.*

"Oh, will he bite!" exclaimed one of Middletown's sweetest girls with a look of alarm, when she saw one of the dancing bears on the street the other day. "No," said her escort, "he cannot bite—he is muzzled; but he can hug." "Oh," she said, with a distracting smile, "I don't mind that."

Miss Ida Ringler, of Reading, Pa., arose in the dark and drank a goblet of water from a city hydrant, and was almost strangled by fish bones that stuck in her throat. It required a surgical operation to get them out. The bones were those of a fish that had decayed in the pipes. Reading is not the only city whose water is thus contaminated.

FASHIONABLE FOLLIES.

Haddocks are now imported for our epicurean fish eaters. They are an overrated fish.

It is fashionable now at dinner parties to have as many different kinds of salad as possible.

"Do take some pie," said Mrs. Parvenu to her guest; "it's from the store. We never make our own pies. It's so awfully common, you know, to make pies."

"Heidelberg rolls" are in favor among young men who have spent $100 traveling in Europe. They are nothing more nor less than the old-fashioned Vienna "stick."

Some epicurean swells of Baltimore recently had what is called a duck dinner, several varieties of that game being served in different styles and ways. The feast is recorded as a pronounced success.

Everything has its day, and now oyster plates are said to be out of fashion. Now you must serve your raw oysters on single shells buried in a mass of snow-ice and celery, with a bit of lemon in the center.

Toast soaked for some time in champagne, according to a Boston paper, is the proper thing for ladies' luncheon parties. As a rule, ladies prefer the champagne by itself, and are willing to send the toast to a charitable institution.

One of the favorite costumes at private fancy dress parties this Winter will be that known as the "Comin' Thro' the Rye." It is a short cashmere dress, trimmed with rye and poppies, with a large hat slung over the left arm, a spotted handkerchief tied round the neck and a sickle, trimmed with ribbons and flowers, in one hand.

A Half-Dozen on the Half-Shell.

A restaurant in London advertises "American buckwheat cakes in every style." It will interest many people to know that there is more than one style of buckwheat cakes.

In English there is no word for consomme but broth, and that is not an equivalent, but only a substitute. French cooks understand by consomme a clear soup as rich as melted jelly.

An innovation at fashionable dinner parties is the serving of peanuts with the

Answers to Correspondents

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once to the waste basket.

2. Mathematical problems and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions in which the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper in the columns of the PAPER. Hundreds of questions come to this Department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the stability or reliability of individuals, firms or corporations doing a general business. The PAPER'S endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents who have their inquiries not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the questions remain unanswered for good and sufficient reasons.

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the PAPER entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Questions for this department should never be written on the same leaf with letters containing subscriptions or orders for books. Letters intended for this department of the paper should be marked "Correspondents' Department."

L. A., Morgantown, Ind.: Write to Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.

N. D. B., Homer, Mich.: Write to Home and Farm, Louisville, Ky.

D. J. F. Essex, Iowa: Write to Spencer F. Baird, Washington, D. C.

H. B., Grafton, Ill.: Address Baumgardner, Woodward & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

D. M., Ash Grove, Mo.: The address of Hon. George W. Geddes is Mansfield, Richland Co., O.

J. C. C., Rushtown, O.: Address Baker University, Baldwin City, Kan., or State University, Lawrence, Kan.

Pop., Wilmington, Ill.: Write to Samuel French & Son, 38 East Fourteenth Street, Union Square, New York City.

W. M. C., Castile, N. Y.: Write to Southern Enterprise, or Southern Planter and Grange, Atlanta, or Farmers' Monthly, Savannah, Ga.

J. R. P., Yates Center, Kan.:

Sheridan is a Catholic, we believe; Sherman says he is not.

W. F. B., Sorghe, Ky.:

Do the Free Thinkers publish a paper? If so, give me the address.

The Index, Boston, Mass., is the recognized organ.

G. H. L., Bridge Valley, Pa.:

Can a person make and use any patented article without being liable to prosecution for using the same?

No.

A. M. S., Thompson, O.:

Give the name and place of publication of one of those periodicals published in the interest of some cultured or choice music.

Write to American Publisher, New York City.

A. D. M., Cuford, Neb.:

Are there two or more genuine claims decided by Congress? 2. If so, what course should a claimant take to get a claim before that body?

1. Yes. 2. Put the matter in the hands of your Representative.

J. R. G., Nineveh, Ia.:

1. Was the Blaine over a Greenback paper? 2. Who is considered the greatest living orator in the country? 3. Who was the author of "A new version?"

1. No. 2. Quick as to differ. 3. Methuselah.

S. M., Montague, Mich.:

Please give me the address of some paper devoted to the interest of gardening and small fruits.

Farmer and Fruit Grower, Anna, Ill.; House and Garden, New York; Floral and Fruit Magazine (monthly), Washington, D. C.

J. F. B., Gosport, Ind.:

Please give the names of some of the best American writers, and to what class they belong.

The woods are full of writers, nearly every County boasts of having "the best," and we do not give names, for fear some might be left out.

V., Cherry Creek, Tenn.:

Tell me how to give silk or wool an orange color.

Boil the skins of ripe onions half an hour. Take them out and add an ounce of alum to a quart of dye. Put in the silk or woolen; stir often for half an hour. Dry, wash in clear water and iron when dampish.

Subscriber, Pickwick, Tenn.:

I noticed in the HOME that Sec. Folger intended to remove all clerks in the several bureaus or departments and authority to appoint ex-soldiers to office without being examined by the Civil Service Commission. Has the point been decided?

We think not. Ere long, it is understood, we will give the preference, other things being equal.

C. H. P., Cave Springs, Tenn.:

1. Please inform me what the qualifications of a Senator of the United States are. 2. Has the United States Government any power to suppress polygamy in Utah?

1. Fair education, honesty and sobriety. 2. It is a disputed and very delicate question; but polygamy will "have to go."

W. H., Fort Austin, Mich.:

Please describe how to erect a concrete house. When one has plenty of sand, stone and gravel, can they be boiled together and so framed?

These questions were answered a few months ago. We have not the space to spare to republish the matter. Send to Lee & Shepard, Boston, for "Gilmore's Practical Treatise on Artificial Stone," Henry Reid's "Treatise on Concrete," or some other publication on the subject.

C. E. F., Blakeville, Ga.:

1. What distance apart should grape vines be in a vineyard?

In transplanting to the vineyard, the holes for the plants should be dug before they are removed. The rows should run east and west six feet apart, and the plants four feet apart in the rows. If in after years these should be found too close, an arm can be cut off to give the desired room.

J. R. S., Buffalo, W. Va.:

Have a fine mare that is hoof-bound. Is there any cure? If so, what is it?

1. The shoes must, in the first place, be removed, and the feet well poulticed for several days until the hoof and frogs become perfectly soft. The animal should then be carefully shod; and aggly daily, until the heels are fully spread, the following ointment: Rosin, four ounces; beeswax, four ounces; lard, two pounds; tallow, one pound; melt together, and, when cool, stir in four ounces of oil of turpentine. The treatment must, necessarily, be slow in its operation, yet by careful management it is sure.

M. D. R., Pioneer, Mich.:

Please tell me where a History of the United States contains, to a general list, the following question: "What was meant by saying Clay was in the succession?" Not being able to find any answer to the question, I refer it to you, hoping you will do me the favor to give it room and a reply in your paper.

Clay was spoken of as being "in the succession," because at the time he was Secretary of State under John Quincy Adams, and several of his predecessors in that office had succeeded in turn to the Presidency. Thus, Jefferson was Secretary of State under Washington; Madison under Jefferson; Monroe under Madison, and John Quincy Adams under Monroe.

D. W. F., Cuyahoga Falls:

Will you please tell me when, by whom, and under what circumstances the song, "The Star-Spangled Banner" was composed?

Dr. Beans, who was universally esteemed, had been taken prisoner and carried on shipboard by the British when their troops had finished their raid upon Washington. To secure his release Mr. Francis S. Key, accompanied by Mr. Skinner, of Baltimore, went on board the British fleet. Their request was granted, but the Americans were detained on board because of the coming attack on Baltimore. It was during the furious night cannonade at Fort McHenry, September 13, 1814, that Key paced up and down the vessel and composed the song.

J. R. N., Mt. Auburn, Ill.:

1. How many men were shot at Indianapolis during the late war for deserting or other causes? 2. Was Dan Voorhees ever accused of being in league with the conspirators Milligan, Bowles and Horsey? 3. What ever became of these men? 4. Are the postal notes for general distribution?

1. Cannot say—never heard that any were shot. 2. He was accused by his political enemies with being in sympathy with them. 3. After being sentenced to be hanged by the military commission, and no indictment having been found against them by the Grand Jury the U. S. Supreme Court decided the commission was unconstitutional, and the prisoners were discharged. We believe the men are all dead. 4. Postal notes can only be obtained at money order offices.

Student, Oxford, Kas.:

1. Who was the greatest sculptor of ancient times? 2. Who of modern? 3. What were the best specimens executed by sculptors in ancient times?

1. Phidias. 2. Michael Angelo. 3. [illegible]

Inquisitive, Abeline, Kan.:

Will you please give me a list of the French sovereigns, showing when they reigned and how they came to the throne?

Pharamond, existence doubtful; Clodien the Hairy, his supposed son, 428; Merovæus, 447; Childeric, 458; Clovis the Great, 481, (he left four sons, Childebert, Clodomir, Thiery, and Clotaire, who divided the Empire); Clotaire I., 558, upon whose death the kingdom was again divided between his four sons, Charibet, Gontram, Sigebert and Chilperic; Childebert II., 575; Clotaire, 584; Thierry II., 596; Clotaire II., 613; Dagobert I., 628, who divided the kingdom between two sons, Clovis II. and Siegebert II.; Clovis III., 656; Childeric II. and Thierry III., 670; Robert II., 674; Clovis III., 691; Childebert III., 695; Dagobert III., 715; Chilperic II., 715; Clotaire IV., 717; Chilperic II. (restored) and Thiery IV., 720-737; Childeric III. and Pepin the Short, 737; Charlemagne and Carloman, 768; Louis I., Emperor, 814; Charles, King and Emperor, 840; Louis II., 877; Carloman II., 879; Charles the Fat, usurper, 884; Eudes, or Hugh, Count of Paris, 887; Charles III. (or IV.), 891; Robert, who had soon after killed in battle, 922; Rudolph, elected King but never acknowledged, 923; Louis IV., 936; Lothaire, 954; Louis V., 986; (in this Prince ended the race of Charlemagne); Hugh Capet, 987; Robert II., 996; Henry I., 1031; Philip I. the Fair, 1060; Louis VI., 1108; Louis VII., 1137; Philip II., 1100; Louis VIII., Cœur de Lion, 1223; Louis IX., 1226; Philip III., 1270; Philip IV., the Fair, 1285; Louis X., 1314; John Philip V., 1316; Charles IV., 1322; Philip VI., of John II., the Good, 1350; Charles V., the Wise, 1364; Charles VI., the Beloved 1380; Charles VII., the Victorious, 1422; Louis XI., 1461; Charles VIII., the Affable, 1483; Louis XII., Father of Orleans, 1498; Francis I., 1515; Henry II., 1547; Francis II., 1559; Charles IX., 1560; Henry III., 1574. The following is a list of the reigns and Governments of France, from the accession of the House of Bourbon:

USE OF BOURBON.		HOUSE OF BOURBON—RESTORED.	
Henry IV.	1589-1610	Louis Philippe	1830-1848
Louis XIII.	1610-1643	SECOND REPUBLIC.	
Louis XIV.	1643-1715	Provisional Government	1848
Louis XV.	1715-1774	Louis Napoleon, President	1848-52
Louis XVI.	1774-1792	EMPIRE RESTORED.	
FIRST REPUBLIC.		Napoleon III.	1852-70
Convention	1792-1795	THIRD REPUBLIC.	
Directoire	1795-1799	Government of National Defense	1870-71
Consulate	1799-1804	Thiers, President	1871-73
EMPIRE.		MacMahon, "	1873-79
Napoleon I.	1804-1814	Grevy, "	1879
HOUSE OF BOURBON, RESTORED.			
Louis XVIII.	1814-1824		
Charles X.	1824-1830		

The average duration of the 18 Governments of France since the accession of the House of Bourbon was 16 years.

Delayed Subscriptions.

SUBSCRIBERS wishing a change in their address must, in all cases, give their OFFICE as well as their PRESENT address.

Sometimes it happens that persons order the PAPER sent to them and fail to receive after a reasonable time has elapsed. Why this is will be seen from the following list of persons who have ordered the PAPER sent to their address, but have failed to give their names or give their address:

Letter containing $1, no name or address.
Letter containing $1, dated at Sonora, no State or County, signed Thos. Ainsley.
Letter containing $2c, dated at Hartford, no State or County, signed L. S. Palmor.
Letter containing $1, dated at Pleasant Valley, no State or County, signed Captain Jinks, of some place in Missouri, where his paper is going now, and he wants it to go in the *future*, we will without his wishes.
Letter containing $1, no address, signed C. B. Gay.
Letter containing $1, no address, signed C. Richmorton—three of the papers to go to silence, no State given.
Letter containing $1, dated at Pleasant Valley, County or State, signed A. B. Hewton.
Letter containing $1, dated at Maple City, no State or County, signed by J. E. Wadley.
Letter containing $1, signed N. G. Bosley, no address.
Letter containing $1.25, dated at Lanesville, no State or County, to pay for papers for John Austin.
Letter containing $1, no address, signed L. A.

If any enlisted man should be so unfortunate as to absent himself from his company from a single call, he will be confined in the post guard house, tried by court-martial and sentenced to fine and imprisonment, the offense being less than that committed by the majority of the garrison officers every day, and perhaps by the very officers whom he was tried.

FARCICAL COURTS.

The Courts Martial in the army are a farce of the most flagrant kind, and a private is convicted and sentenced before he enters the court room. It is as difficult for a soldier to escape a Court Martial as it is for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle.

As the soldier is sentenced in accordance with the wishes of his Company Command regardless of the evidence brought before the Court, for instead of being innocent until he is proven guilty, it is just the reverse in army trials, and he is guilty until he proves himself innocent, and as he is to furnish the damning evidence, that is almost an impossibility. Is it a wonder then that good men desert?

MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

An applicant for enlistment is informed that he is provided with competent medical attendance in case of sickness. This may be the case at some posts, but at Fort Meade it is somewhat different; while there has been large expenditures on the hospital here, it is nothing but a mass of inconvenience and no treatment a patient receives is something that cannot be had, stood from a written account. The Surgeon speaks to the patients under his charge, swearing in them in a most outrageous manner, and he takes a delight in prescribing all kinds of nasty decoctions that his ingenuity can invent, and spoose and tartar emetic be a cure for neumonia, a new discovery in the medical line, but such doses are prescribed in the hospital here for the almost any malady.

A common remark at this post is that the fitting inscription over the hospital door would be, "Whoenter here leave hope behind." It strange that a man does not suffer after coming from the hospital for a that he may again undergo the tortures this "modern inquisition."

NOTHING BUT A FATIGUE PARTY.

Is the army of the United States an army at present? I answer no; it is nothing but a uniformed "Fatigue Party," and the men who belong to it nothing but laborers, and a man who enlists with the idea of soldiering, is so effectually tricked and taken in that he deserves all that befalls him. Yours, in response to the pangs of hunger. This is true word for word, as I was attached to the Company during a portion of the Summer of 1882 as mounted guide, and was a witness to the manner in which their scanty rations were served them, as if they were paupers and inmates of an almshouse. Is it surprising that they will desert to prevent a like fate, or in other words, in self-defense?

THE REMEDY

for this evil would be such an entire change in formation in the Army that the officers would hold up their hands in abject horror at an enlisted man receiving a sentence of fine and imprisonment, for an offense being less than that committed by the majority of the garrison officers every day, and perhaps by the very officers whom he was tried.

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THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubs.

D. R. LOCKE, Editor.
JOHN McELROY, Associate Editor.

TOLEDO, THURSDAY, November 8, 1883.

☞ Entered at the Postoffice at Toledo as Second-Class Matter.

THE TOLEDO BLADE.

CHEAPEST PAPER IN THE WORLD.

LARGEST AND BEST WEEKLY PUBLISHED.

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THE BLADE,
TOLEDO, O.

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Circulation Last Week, 115,000.

OUR GREAT ENGRAVING OFFER.

The most remarkable offer ever made in connection with any newspaper will be found in our advertising columns. The BLADE Company has purchased the steel plate of "Bunyan's Pilgrim Progress," one of the largest and confessedly the finest steel plate ever made, and offers it and the BLADE one year for $2. The engraving was never sold for less than $10, and cannot be had except through the BLADE for anything less than that sum to-day.

The engraving is the most beautiful specimen of the art ever made, either in this country or in Europe. It embraces 100 tableaux completely illustrating BUNYAN'S allegory. There is no scene in the world-famous work that is not reproduced with life-like exactness, and the tableaux are so arranged as to put the allegory vividly before the mind of the observer and fix it there. No admirer of JOHN BUNYAN'S wonderful work can afford to be without it, and the lovers of the work are equal in number to the lovers of the really great in literature.

This plate was drawn by HAMMATT BILLINGS from designs made by the Rev. DANIEL WIGHT, of Massachusetts, and was engraved by JOSEPH ANDREW, the first steel engraver of the world. The work is very desirable from a purely art standpoint, while as a religious teacher it is incomparable.

We send the BLADE one year, and this great picture, for $2. It should be borne in mind that the picture was never sold for less than $10, and cannot be bought to-day in any picture store for less. As orders will come in rapidly, and as only a few can be printed each day, those desiring it for holiday presents will do well to order at once. Enclose $2 and receive the splendid picture and the BLADE one year.

"JETHRO THROOP'S NIGHT THOUGHTS."

This bit of vivid realism has excited the greatest interest among our readers. Nothing better, truer, or with a finer moral, has appeared anywhere, or in any paper. It has done a world of good in disabusing country boys' minds of the illusory glamor and glare of the City—the *ignis fatuus* which dances over the mouth of a pit of fathomless misery.

NEW STORY BY ERNEST WARREN.

We are promised some time in the near future a new story by ERNEST WARREN, whose "Throne and Scaffold" was such an attraction in last year's BLADE. Mr. WARREN has few equals as a writer of fiction which both delights and instructs, and the promise of a new story by him will be received by our readers with lively pleasure.

PERE HYACINTHE will probably deliver his first lecture in Washington. He is said to look much less like a priest now than he did when here 13 years ago.

SPEAKING about the bereaved DAVID MOSES, what must be the grief of the man who loses 517 pounds of wife at one fell swoop!

THE BLADE at $1 is the cheapest paper in the world, but when you get a $10 picture and the BLADE for $2, cheapness can no farther go.

A SOCIETY in Washington is moving for the establishment of a zoological garden there. Can't the tiger be seen there often enough now?

A NUMBER of letters were consigned to the waste basket this week because their writers violated the first rules of newspaper correspondents, by writing on both sides of the paper.

DURING the year 1882, there were 26,109 candidates examined in England for employment in the Civil Service. People over there seem to like the public money as well as they do this side of the water.

THE Portland *Oregonian* wants to Pulverize the Rum Power by making liquor-sellers ineligible to seats in City Councils, or the Legislature. The best way is to educate public sentiment so that there will be no danger of electing them to any office.

IN spite of frosts, rains, cyclones, etc., this year's corn crop is estimated at 1,621,000 bushels, or bigger than any one in the history of the country, except that of 1880, which was 1,717,300 bushels. It can all be made into bread or pork, or glucose, too, for we have already 96,000,000 gallons more whisky on hand than there is any market for.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE closing of the campaign in 10 States has made the week a lively one in politics. In New York the Democrats started into the campaign with an overwhelming confidence, born of their majority of over 200,000 last year. The Republicans were correspondingly dispirited, and the issue of the State Convention at Richfield Springs was not at all encouraging. Of late weeks however, and especially since the Democratic Convention at Buffalo, the Republican hopes have risen, and the Democratic hopes declined. This has been due to various causes, foremost among them being a host of trades and dickers among the Democrats, which have badly disgruntled them; the Independents, who helped so much to make CLEVELAND'S majority 200,000, have become disgusted with the Democrats, and gone back to the Republicans, who have assiduously cultivated harmony. The Democrats nominated as Secretary of State a Mr. MAYNARD, who, a few years ago, voted in the Legislature in favor of some Temperance measures. The Liquor Bosses in the Democratic party began a fierce crusade upon him, and in favor of his Republican opponent—CARR. This disgusted many Republicans who voted by thousands for MAYNARD. The contest in Brooklyn over the Mayoralty was especially warm, the present Mayor—SETH LOW, a Republican, and a candidate for re-election—having been an exceptionally good officer.

THE campaign in Pennsylvania was from the first dull and apathethic. There were no leading issues before the people. The Republicans made much of the waste and extravagence of the Democratic Legislature, and the Democratic capital has been drawn from charges that the Republican Sinking Fund Commissioners have not done their duty in promptly investing the funds in their charge in United States and other bonds, but have kept some $2,000,000 lying in about 50 banks, upon which the State received no interest, but the favored banks contributed very liberally to the Republican campaign fund.

THE campaigns in Massachusetts and Virginia were characterized by exceeding bitterness. In the former it was "anything to beat BUTLER," and extraordinary efforts were made to counteract that man's demagoguery. He made his whole campaign on exhibitions of the "Tewksbury tanned skin," and abuse of the Republicans as purse proud nabobs. In Virginia the hostility between the Readjusters and the Bourbons was so great that outbreaks of hostilities were feared all over the State, and a bloody riot occurred on Saturday at Danville, in which one white and five negros were killed.

In Maryland the canvass of the State by both parties was exceedingly thoro, and the records of the candidates were "shown up" in a peculiarly savage way. The corrupt ring which ruled the State so long was especially malignant in its assaults upon all opposed to it.

THE New Jersey campaign was very active, with a great amount of hard work done on both sides,

AN international conference of workingmen has been held in Paris during the past week, for the purpose of strengthening their union and discussing ways and means of bettering their condition, especially in the number of hours which constitute a working day. The French urge pressure upon Governments for legislation as a solution of the labor question. The Englishmen resist this, except laws for the protection of women and children.

THE repeal of those conspiracy laws by which the trade-unions had been outlawed, has produced a revolution in feeling on both sides in England. It is freely recognized that the unions are not hostile organizations which society has to fear—that they lift workmen out of a fragmentary and isolated selfishness into associations which fit them for self-government, and thus constitute an educating force of the first importance. It is said, not by trade-unionists, that the most striking evidence of the degradation of labor in the East End of London is the fact that the trade-unions can effect no strong or lasting organizations there.

THAT they have a large influence is evident from the fact that at their solicitation in Austria the Government has decided to follow the example of France and Germany and try to open up a market for manufactures in Africa.

THE principal excitement in England for the last week has been over the terrible explosions on the underground railway in London, by which a train was wrecked and a large number of people were injured. It is supposed to be the work of the Fenian organization, and their haunts have been very closely watched. A sort of panic reigns in London. The explosions were two in number occurring almost simultaneously at points widely distant from each other upon the railway that makes a circuit of the City.

THE French are still moving forward towards a war in Tonquin, altho there is considerable hectoring of the Government going on at home. The probabilities are, however, that a majority of the Deputies will sustain the Ministry in their Tonquin policy. It seems almost certain now that a war cannot be avoided. Chinese troops are reported as having passed the frontier into Tonquin, and France is sending troops and supplies thither. There is already considerable fighting going on, with prospects of much more.

IT was reported some time since that the English would withdraw their troops from Egypt. Later advices say they will not, but if the False Prophet of the Soudan has really been defeated by the Khedive's soldiery, as reported, there is less necessity than before for their longer continuance there.

RAPID progress is making in the work of civilizing the Indians. Nine Cherokee Indians organized, the other day, to establish a National bank in Vinita, I. T., with $50,000. They will prove themselves not to have reached the highest state of civilization, though, until some one among them turns out to be a defaulter. They may put in white men for officers, though, and thus check their development in this direction.

THE seal skin season is approaching. But that is not the reason why wives don't make as much fuss as they used to when Hubby comes home from the lodge at 3 A. M.

THE BREWER'S USURPATION.

The Brewers of Western New York, in Convention assembled, resolved to cast the saloon vote against the Democratic candidate for Secretary of State, because when in the Legislature some years ago he voted in some way against the indiscriminate sale and consumption of liquor.

The Brewer is not a partisan, he is a Brewer. He uses politics as an instrument to kill opposition to his trade, and he cares not a straw what happens, so that he is permitted to follow his more than dangerous trade unmolested. He does not ask what effect the election of this man or the other will have upon the State—the only question is, "What effect will it have upon my brewery?" "Is he for Free Beer, or opposed to it?"

And the Beer-seller echoing his cry, for he is owned by the Brewer, joins him, and they vote and compel votes from this consideration only.

Demagogs use them, or rather bargain with them, and hence, the way parties are divided, Beer has become a potent power in American politics.

So long as the beer interest kept to itself and was followed in a legitimate way to supply a natural demand there was no especial notice taken of it. Indeed the introduction of beer was considered by a not small portion of the community as an aid to Temperance, inasmuch as it supplied a weaker liquor to take somewhat the place of a stronger.

But the cupidity of the Brewers has made beer a greater curse than whisky. The brewing interest—understand there are honorable exceptions—has become the apostle of drunkenness. It has become the educator of the people in excess. It has put in position to do harm the most dangerous classes of the community, in the most conscienceless manner; it is furnishing material to utterly conscienceless men whose profit it is to debauch the young, to entice the unwary and careless, and to make thieves of boys and drunkards of sober men.

That is exactly what the Brewer who is in the business of establishing saloons, indiscriminately, is doing, and he knows that he is doing it.

He is not supplying a legitimate demand for intoxicants—he is deliberately educating men and boys into their use, who, but for him, would never or seldom touch them.

It must be borne in mind that the Brewer is not content to sell beer to those who are established in the business, in compliance with a public demand. He wants a wider market for his beer and he creates it. He finds a man fitted by nature for the business but without capital, and he furnishes the capital. He fits up the rooms, he furnishes the counters, the beer-coolers, the keg of beer and whisky, the cards in the back room, and the pool-table in the front, he pays for the screens behind which dissipation may commence unseen, and he puts the fellow whom he owns soul and body in the place, with instructions that he must sell so much beer a day to ensure his continuance.

The saloon man of this class goes about his business systematically. He makes the place pleasant for men, and secure for boys. He labors to build up a business just the same as a shoemaker or tailor would, not to secure the custom of those already using beer, but to train stomachs into its use, that the volume of trade may be increased. He makes new beer-drinkers, and he does not care a straw of what material he makes them. The boy who steals his mother's linen to pay for it is a welcome customer, the laborer whose family needs the money he is pouring down his throat—it is all one, so that the swash is consumed and paid for. Every brewer who is in the business of fitting out saloons, commissions and equips scores of pirates, and sends them out to prey upon women and children.

There may be some excuse for the man who commences the business himself, in a locality where the people call for it, but there can be no apology for this forcing of the trade, this enticing and educating men and boys in the use of stimulants that profit may be made out of their unnaturally acquired appetites. When Brewers number their own shops by the hundred there is something more than natural in the business. Every shop that a Brewer is compelled to equip is just that one too many. There are enough conducted by men of some sort of moral feeling, and some sort of decency, to do all the business necessary on their own account. All the rest is forced.

This is no over statement. In every City there are miles of low doggeries which are merely the places of resort for thieves of all grades and ages, where boys are educated in crime and those graduated are protected, and liquor is, always, first the educator and later the solace of these half or whole criminals,

The Brewers and distillers cannot escape responsibility for these training schools of vice, and these dives that are cancers on the body politic. Do they not know their character? Knowing their character do they not supply them just the same as they do the respectable places? Do not their delivery wagons stop every morning in front of these places the same as in front of the respectable shops? Do they not know that the beer they sell to the boys' rendezvous is to be used to the debauching of boys, and that the money which the seller pays them was stolen from parents or filched from tills, by these novices in crime, who will, in time, graduate from petty thieves to more finished ones? Of course he does, but no man in the business looks farther than the dollars. After they are received he sits down quiet and content. What happens in consequence of his trade is nothing to him.

And this one traffic, this source of nothing but evil, this father and mother of woes unnumbered, proposes to rule the United States of America! It dictated the candidates of the Democratic party in Ohio this Fall and elected them, and for the same reason it now turns and rends the head of the Democratic ticket in New York. It aims at absolute power, and is marching relentlessly toward the accomplishment of its purpose. It has served notice upon the parties that it must be let alone, and that its vast power will be used to kill whatever political organization that interferes with it.

Like Slavery, it permits no discussion, and will accept no compromise. It demands absolute submission.

Pulverize the Whisky Power.

THE BLADE, and the great steel engraving of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, one year for only $2. The picture sells in the art stores for $10.

OUR COMMANDERS-IN-CHIEF.

The retirement of Gen. SHERMAN from the command of the Army of the United States makes some mention of his predecessors in that high office timely. The first commander-in-chief was Gen. ARTEMUS WARD, who as senior officer of the Massachusetts militia, commanded the troops assembled around Boston, until Col. GEO. WASHINGTON, of Virginia, was appointed Commander-in-Chief by the Continental Congress, and drew his sword as such under an old elm at Cambridge, June 15, 1775. He resigned the command at Newburg, N. Y., 8½ years later.

He was succeeded by Maj.-General HENRY KNOX, the famous artillerist of the Revolution, who assumed command of the army December 23, 1783.

When the United States was formed out of the old Confederation, it started with an "Army" consisting of one battalion of artillery, and a regiment of infantry. Lieut.-Col. JOSHUA HARMON, of the artillery, commanded for some indefinite time, and was succeeded by Lieut.-Col. JOSIAH HARMAR, of the First Infantry. He took command of an expedition to chastise the Indians on the Maumee, but was defeated, with a frightful massacre of most of his men.

In 1791 Maj. Gen. ARTHUR ST. CLAIR, a veteran of the Revolution, was appointed to the chief command, and sent with a large force from Cincinnati, against the Maumee Indians. He also suffered surprise, defeat, and massacre of his force—the scene of the disaster being in what is now Mercer County.

March 5, 1792, he was succeeded by Maj. Gen. ANTHONY WAYNE, who gave the Indians of the Maumee a bad thrashing two years later, at Fallen Timber—about 16 miles above Toledo. He died two years afterward, and was succeeded by Brig.-Gen. JAMES WILKINSON, who went into the Revolution as Captain in a New Hampshire regiment, and was Clothier-General of the Army at its close.

During the flurry with France in 1808, Gen. WASHINGTON was appointed Commander-in-Chief, but he resigned December 14, 1799, and Gen. WILKINSON again became senior officer. This gentleman, making a failure of the early operations against Canada, was superseded Jan. 12, 1812, by Maj. Gen. HENRY DEARBORN.

In 1813, he was superseded by the little knot of Democratic intriguers who were mismanaging the war, but retained the nominal command of the Army until June 15, 1815, when he was succeeded by Maj. Gen. JACOB BROWN, who held the command until he died, Feb. 24, 1828.

He was succeeded by Maj.-Gen. ALEX MACOMB, who held the Commandership until his death in 1841.

Then WINFIELD SCOTT, who had entered the Army in 1808 as a Captain of artillery, and distinguished himself greatly in the War of 1812, became Commander-in-Chief, with the rank of Major-General. After his brilliant success in Mexico he was made a Lieutenant General—a rank that had been created for WASHINGTON in 1798, to make him superior to Maj.-Gen. WILKINSON.

SCOTT being too old and infirm in 1861 for the gigantic task imposed by the outbreak of the Rebellion, resigned his office November 1, 1861, to Maj.-Gen. GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN, who had been a Captain in the old Regular Army, and had entered the war as a Major-General in command of Ohio troops.

MCCLELLAN'S incompetence having been demonstrated, he was superseded as Commander-in-Chief March 11, 1862, and July 11, 1862, Maj.-Gen. H. W. HALLECK was appointed. He was not a success, either, and March 12, 1864, was superseded by Lieut.-Gen. U. S. GRANT, who was afterwards created General.

March 4, 1869, he became President of the United States, and was succeeded by Lieut.-Gen. W. T. SHERMAN, who now retires on account of reaching the age established by law.

He is succeeded by Lieut.-Gen. PHIL H. SHERIDAN, whose history is thus succinctly given by *Drake's American Biography:*

Sheridan, Philip Henry, lieut-gen. U. S. A., b. Somerset, Perry Co., O., Mar. 6, 1831. West Point, 1853. Entering the 1st Int., he served in Texas until in 1855 he joined the 4th Inf., with which he served in Oregon, receiving special mention for gallantry in action with the Indians at the Cascades of the Columbia, Apr. 28, 1856, and for meritorious conduct in the settlement of the difficulty with the Coquillo Indians on Yakima Bay, Capt, 13th Inf. May 14, 1861; pres. of the milit. commiss. to audit claims in Mo. during the summer of 1861; Dec. 24, 1861, made quartermaster and chief commissary of the Army of the Southwest; taking the same duties on the staff of Gen. Halleck at Corinth, May 10th, 1862. App. col. 2d Mich. Cav. May 25, he took part in the successful exped. to destroy the Mobile and O. Railroad at Boonville, Mpi.; defeated Forrest's cavalry, June 6; took com. of the 2d brig. of cavalry, with which he repulsed and defeated a superior Confed. force under Chalmers at Boonville, July 1, the date of his commission of brig-gen. In Aug. he defeated Faulkner's Cav. near Riknzi, Mpi.; Sept. 20 he took com. of the 3d div. of the Army of the Ohio; and Oct. 1 he was transferred to the 11th division, which he led at Perryville. In the advance of Murfreesborough, Dec, 26, he led a division under Gen. M'Cook, and contributed greatly to the successful issue of the battle of Stone River; maj-gen. vols. Dec. 31, 1862. He rendered signal service at the battles of Mission Ridge and Chickamauga; was transf. to the Army of the Potomac as chief of cav. 4 Apr. 1864; touched the Confed. cav. in several engagements; Aug. 1, 1864, was detached to the Shenandoah Valley; defeated Early at Winchester Sept. 19, Fisher's Hill, Sept. 22, and at Cedar Creek Oct. 19, where he turned disaster into victory; and finally, in co operation with Gen. Grant, compelled Lee's surrender at Appomattox C. H., after gaining the decisive victory of Five Forks, Apr. 1, 1865, and capturing ab. 6,000 men Sailor's Creek, April 6. After the war he performed valuable service in Texas and La., enforcing the reconstruction acts, for which he was removed by Pres. Johnson in Aug. 1867. Brig-gen. U. S. A. 20 Sept. 1864; maj. gen. Nov. 1864; lieut.-gen. Mar. 4, 1869.

IT is reported that the Prince and Princess of Wales were presented to MARY ANDERSON the other night after the performance, the first thing the Prince did was to ask her plump out if she did say that she would not see him. They say that MARY was much embarrassed and evaded making a direct answer. That was a very foolish thing for MARY to do, and we are much disappointed in her if she did. Only think what a fine opportunity she had of telling the truth and shaming the —— Prince of Wales. If MARY is going to rebuke royal vice she must go the whole figure. It is not often that a Prince and Princess wait after a show is over to be introduced to the actress. It was MARY'S golden opportunity which she has thrown away.

ILLUSTRATED BIBLE BIOGRAPHY.

Only a few copies of this beautiful $3 book for $1.25, postpaid by mail, remain unsold. Those of our subscribers who have not secured a copy should do so at once. It is an appropriate gift to a friend, and a copy should be in every household. To make room for other announcements, we shall soon withdraw this offer. Full description of the book on eighth page.

THE TWO POWERS.

What proved the ruin of the Slave Power was its infernal lust for absolute dominion. Had the slaveholders been content to enjoy their human "property" inside the boundaries wherein prescription had given them certain rights, there would have been no interference with them.

Had they been content with Slavery localized in the territory south of the Potomac and Ohio, and east of the Mississippi—a territory amply sufficient, in all conscience, as it is superior in extent and natural resources to any European Empire—they could have gone on probably for another century, buying and selling men and women, and fattening and enriching themselves by the practice of the unspeakable crimes that made up that sum of all abominations—Slavery.

But they were not thus content. They insisted upon taking Slavery across the Mississippi; they insisted that it should be fastened upon the great State of Missouri; they insisted upon dragging the country into a war with Mexico to extend the area of Slave territory; they insisted that all the vast area of unsettled territory lying south of 36° 30' should be forever consecrated to Slavery. Then their appetites growing with success, they insisted breaking over this line and extending Slavery north of it into Kansas and Nebraska, and such other States as might be carved out of the National domain.

Becoming still more arrogant, they would make the whole people aiders and abetters in their practices. With the aid of the Democratic party they gained complete control of the Nation.

None but their tools could be made Presidents, Supreme Judges, Foreign Ministers, or fill any of the minor places in the Government. The whole Government became a mere machine to do the will of the slaveholders, and at last by the passage of the odious Fugitive Slave Law, they sought to make every man and woman in the country abject and supple serfs to their system, and hounds to watch over, guard and return to them their human property. It was an unspeakable degradation, but it was borne.

At last, enraged that there should be anything but truckling subserivency to their wishes, the slaveholders precipitated civil war in their efforts to browbeat and bully the people.

The Liquor Power will inevitably run the same course unless it is summarily checked. It has adopted or is adopting all the old hateful tactics of the Slave Power.

Like all great wrongs and evils, it can not stand still,—it can not rest. It must be aggressive—it must make itself sure of what it has to-day, by grasping something more to-morrow. It must continually fight and conquer, and reduce to subjection its opponents. It must continually demand and secure more—more political and official power, more protection from the laws, more stifling of the people's sense of decency and honor, more servility of every one to its selfish interests.

Any legitimate, proper interest in the community does not have to make this continual aggressive fight. It is secure in the popular sense of right and justice. But giant wrongs like Slavery and Liquor must fight aggressively to live at all.

There is but one way to prevent a repetition with this public enemy of the frightful experience we had with that other public enemy, the Slave Power, and that is—now and at once, to

Pulverize the Liquor Power.

GROWS LIKE AN EVIL WEED.

The methods employed by the Liquor-sellers to develop and extend their business are proofs of illegitimacy.

No legitimate, straight forward business can afford to set up retailers all over the country, supply them with stock, with store furnishings, and even pay their taxes when these are required in advance.

We do not find wholesale druggists setting up apothecary shops all over a City, filling them with stock, providing them with signs and fancy show bottles, and picking up TOM, DICK, or HARRY from some other business and establishing him as manager of the new stand.

The profits of the drug business are popularly supposed to be enormous, but no wholesale drug house—no matter what its wealth and trade—could stand such a course for a year without having to close its doors. This is equally true of the wholesale dry goods, hardware, grocery, and, in fact, all jobbing establishments. So far from establishing stores to retail their goods, so far from picking up failures and do-nothings of all kinds to set up in business, they have to exercise the greatest prudence in selling to those already established—in selling to men who have their own money embarked and who have had years of experience in that special line of trade.

But the profits of liquor-selling are so enormous that the liquor sellers can take chances that no other business men can. They can establish a new saloon anywhere, and confidently run the risk of its being profitable. They can put in charge of it a man who has failed at everything else he undertook—he is certain to be able to sell liquor enough to pay his way. They can put into the saloon every dollar that is invested in it—even down to paying the tax and license—they can violate every well-recognized law of business, and yet be more sure of a rich return than any other business. The official returns show that no property in the country is developing in value so rapidly as breweries and saloons. In Cincinnati the report of the Revenue officers show an increase in the business of the breweries of over 70 per cent. in four years, and those years, too, were when long-established houses in that City were going down in bankruptcy, with most alarming frequency.

The business, nurtured by the compost heaps of corruption and wrong-doing, grows like fungus, mold, mildew, or noxious weeds. Unless this growth is checked it will overshadow and blight the land, like some poisonous ivy stifling the life and vigor out of some grand old oak. If the country is to continue in prosperity this poisonous fungoid growth must be stopped.

We must Pulverize the Liquor Power.

SPECIMEN COPIES.

We wish to mail thousands of specimen copies of the BLADE during the present month to persons whill be likely to appreciate a good family newspaper. We request any or all of our subscribers to send us a list of names of their friends in any locality, that we may mail them a specimen copy. There are not many readers in this country, remote from daily paper fields, but what would appreciate the BLADE at $1 a year.

THE TYRANNY OF DEBAUCHED APPETITES.

Shall Vicious Appetite rule this land?

Shall a debauched and debauching thirst be the absolute sovereign of this Nation?

Shall the hunger of depravity and the lust of iniquity be the fetters and chains which will enslave our people in a bondage more abject and miserable than any known to civilized man?

Shall drunkard-making, pauper-making, lunatic making, widow-making, and children-starving, be the highest and most honored of employments, and shall the drunkard-makers, pauper-makers, lunatic-makers, widow-makers, and children-starvers, be our lords paramount, who shall make our laws, select our Judge, appoint our rulers, and drive us like cattle, hither and yon, as they shall choose?

Shall we have escaped the odious tyranny of King, priest, landholder, soldier and aristocrat of other lands only to fall under the vastly more loathsome despotism of professional law-breakers, and selfish and sinister panderers to depraved appetites?

This is the vital question of the hour.

The professional drunkard-maker, pauper-maker, and children-starvers, seek to rule us that they may have greater scope and liberty in their vile work. They are using the wretched victims whom their prostituting arts have debauched and depraved to fasten upon us a yoke which will force every man and woman in the land to become their aids and accomplices in the devilish scheme of drunkard-making and pauper-making; they would drag the whole Government, Presidents and Governors, Congress and Legislatures, Supreme Courts and minor judiciaries—down to the gutter-level of the saloon, the boozing-hen, the dive, the dead-fall, and the brothel, and corrupt with a poison for which there is no antidote, every pure spring of political thought, aspiration and action.

If we would not have this thus, then there is but one alternative, one resource, one relief, and that is,

Pulverize the Liquor Power!

PIKE'S PEAK RAILROAD.

Time was when to build a railroad across a river with steep banks or a comparatively small elevation was considered an impossibility. Time does not, however, speed more rapidly than enterprise, and invention rushes onward, making an easy matter of what appeared most difficult. Some of the engineering work done in this country is simply marvelous, and those familiar with it will not be surprised at any feat attempted. Particularly is this true of the mountainous regions in Colorado where roads have been forced thro gorges made by some swiftly rushing torrent cleaving its way thro the solid rock with no room at the side for even a man to stand; over mountains and along the edge of dizzy precipices, adown which one can scarcely look without a shudder; across foaming rapids and thro wilds rarely trodden by the white man until the railroad engineer with his people made their way.

Any one familiar with those things will look upon the projected road to the top of Pike's Peak as a small undertaking. The great amount of travel in that direction, and the number of pleasure seekers who climb up this great mountain are multiplying so rapidly each year that the keen eyes of some capitalists have decided that there's money in it, and the road is to be built. It will be a narrow gage starting at Manitou and rising by curves and steep grades until it reaches the top. The length will be 30 miles and the maximum grade 300 feet to the mile. It is to be commenced immediately and the work pushed on vigorously. At this rate there will soon be no place on the continent so wild and inaccessible that it cannot be reached by railroad.

ANOTHER WORLD'S EXPOSITION.

The buildings for the great Industrial Exposition to be held in New Orleans next year are to cover an area greater than those in Philadelphia at the Centennial and it is designed to make it the greatest exposition held in this country since 1876. The whole world is to be invited to enter into competition, and it is intended to include the mining, agricultural and industrial products of all countries. The exhibition is to be opened in December, 1884, and continue until May, 1885. The Southern States are entering into it enthusiastically, and it is to be hoped that the North will follow their example and help to make it a National success.

It is growing more and more the custom to hold these expositions, not only in this country but all over the world, even in Corea, as the BLADE mentioned not long ago. They have proved to be such an excellent means for improving all kinds of products by bringing them into competition with each other, that their frequent recurrence has come to be felt by the business world as almost a necessity. Manufacturers see where they may improve their wares; inventors get new ideas which develop into new creations; people from all parts of the country or of the world meet and gain by intercourse a friendly feeling for each other, and the result is to weld a bond of union and interest that is not easily broken.

IT is usually considered that it is peculiarly a feminine prerogative to change her mind, but down in New Haven, Conn., one of the opposite sex asserted his right, Tuesday, by absence when he should have been present, to do the same thing. One of the principal Catholic churches was beautifully trimmed for a wedding, the guests were assembled and all was ready for the ceremony, but the bridal party came not. At home, the bride, a daughter of a prominent business man, and herself a society belle, awaited the groom, but he did not make his appearance. There was no wedding and no explanation.

THOSE who are already subscribers to the BLADE who desire the great picture, "Pilgrim's Progress," can have it by remitting $2, in which case their subscription to the paper will be extended one year. Only a few thousands will be printed.

SHORT as was the stay of the Corean Embassy in this country A year play poker, and dear of them as hence we and VANDERBILT's of the Jads. their to renew your subscription Be before its expiration, so as to the en files, to ha

IF the Fenians, as O'DONNOVAN-ROSSA declares, are responsible for the explosions in the London Underground Railway, they are doing what will most assuredly turn all the sympathy of the civilized world from their cause. To massacre innocent people after this fashion cannot further any good purpose.

NASBY.

HE IS FOUND

From an Inspection of the Laboring Classes of Europe—J. D. Weeks's Views in Regard to the Existing Systems.

Pittsburg Telegraph.

Mr. J. D. Weeks returned to-day from his four months' tour of England, Scotland, Ireland, Belgium and France. Relative to the wage question that will be submitted in a report Mr Weeks will make to the Census Bureau, Mr. Weeks says that throughout all Europe he found wages lower and the purchasing power of money much less than in this country. In England he visited three of the principal iron mills and was not favorably impressed with their power of production when compared with the American iron works. The highest price paid for puddling was eight shillings, while in this country the lowest figure is $3.50 per ton, and from that to $5.75. Mr. Weeks says, however, puddling is an extreme case upon which it is not exactly fair to base calculations. The price paid rollers is very much lower than the wages they receive in this country. He says in Belgium the workingmen receive about one-third the price paid in this country, and live horribly. While throughout Europe the workingmen live cheaper, it is because they live poorer, as a dollar in that country will not purchase as much as a dollar in the United States. He visited a number of glass houses and is of the opinion the foreigners make the best fine tableware, but for common tableware, such as is in general use, the American manufacturer equals, if he don't excel the English. The benzine polish given cheap ware in this country makes it present a much finer appearance than that manufactured abroad. Relative to window glass, he is of the opinion they excel not in blowing but in the flattening process. He does not think they have any better flatteners but have better metal. Mr. Weeks says he found among the English workmen a growing sentimet in favor of protection, for the reason that their wages suffered from Belgium competition. They discovered that Free Trade oppressed their wages. In Belgium, too, he found protectionists. Men who feared that if general Free Trade laws were enacted the neutral markets that were now open to foreign manufacturers alone would be entered by the Americans and in time be taken entirely away by American manufacturers.

Mr. Weeks said that his report would show a large percentage in favor of the American workmen. First, better wages, more than 25 per cent. better; second, better living, because money would go further and do more. He says he will set to work at once with his report and in a short time have it in shape to present to the department in Washington. Altogether the honorable Secretary is of the opinion that his tour has been productive of much information, and has, in some respects, materially strengthened the arguments he advanced to the Tariff Commission some months ago.

FUNNY WEDDING.

Bride Disrobes at the Altar Rather Than Be Married in Black.

John Dier, an Onioan, and Julia M. Arnard, of Franklin co., Vt., appeared before Justice Woodman, of Chicago, the other day to be married. As the Justice was about to commence the brief but very touching ceremony the fair Julia, who is a lady about 25 years of age, and was outrageously dressed entirely in black, exclaimed: "Hold on, Judge, please. To be married in black would be a bad omen; wait a minute." The Justice complied, and was astonished to see Julia Clarence to disrobe herself. Off went the black hat, next a black basque, then the black skirts. At this stage of the proceedings, Justice Woodman, not knowing how far the disrobing process would go, and having no fig-leaf near at hand, yelled out: "Hold on, Madam, please." "It's all right now, Judge," she smilingly said. and there she stood, a blush on her cheek contrasting ugly with the white of her petticoat, which reached to her boot-tops, and the lace which loosely encircled her bust. The ceremony was soon over, and the happy bride, with the strong arm of her husband, instead of an evil omen, around her, calmly put on the black outfit and gaily walked away.

The Ohio Situation.

Albany Journal.

That Judge Foraker should have been defeated by only a few thousand votes in a total of three-quarters of a million, with the saloon interest and the Prohibition interest actively against him, affords a more striking demonstration of the strength of Republicanism in Ohio than could have been given by his success under ordinary circumstances. If these unprecedented defections from the Republican issues could do more than barely defeat the party, then it is stronger in Ohio than it was when either William Allen or Richard Bishop was elected Governor or when Mr. Tilden came within a thousand votes of getting its electors in 1876—strong enough to carry the State in the old-fashioned Union majority in a presidential year. Twelve months hence there will be no liquor or anti-liquor question to be settled in Ohio. The one issue before the people will be whether the citizens of Ohio are going to help hand the nation over to the Democratic control. On that issue both Republicans, who found the Scott Law obnoxious, and the Prohibitionists, who think it too mild, will vote again with their own party—and then where will the Democracy be?

Opera in Dakota.

Huron (Dak.) Times.

The building being destitute of plaster-board and glass made the room decidedly uncomfortable except to those who sat around the stoves. Yet the audience huddled together and made the best of the chilly surroundings. The singers and musicians labored under a great disadvantage, for the room was very little larger than a large tent, and many of the notes of the voice and the quivering notes of the violin onedelights to hear crept through the rafters and through the uncovered windows losing much of the effect of the melody.

When it Is Done.

The Washington monument, when finished will be 550 feet high, the highest structure in the world. The structure of Antwerp ranks the highest in the world next to the tower of the Cologne Cathedral, which is 511 feet high. The pyramid of Cheops is 480 feet; Strasbourg Cathedral, 474 feet; St. Peter's Sicilian Church, Rome, 458 feet; St. Stephen's Church, Vienna, 445 feet; Salisbury Cathedral, England, 406 feet; Antwerp Cathedral, 405 feet; St. Paul's Cathedral, London, 404 feet.

Talk of Bloodshed.

Chicago Journal.

The Mormon Saints are so ignorant, superstitious and obstinate that doubtful whether the crime against God which they are guilty will ever be expiated without the shedding of blood. "Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death."

What Struck Mgr. Capel.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

Mgr. Capel was asked what struck him most forcibly in this country, and he replied: "The precociousness of children." He said that while in Baltimore the Archbishop took him to call on a lady. While there he saw a boy aged 4 years came in, and his mother said: "My son, ask to the Archbishop." He replied readily, and, holding out his hand, said: "How do, Arch?"

☞—Without assuming to write a treatise of this universal ailment, facts compel us in saying that it seems to us there is no remedy like it was so prova-

CURRENT EVENTS.

The public debt was reduced $10,304,798 in October, making a diminution of $39,534,470 in four months.——The Ohio Penitentiary will clear during the fiscal year, which ends November 15, about $52,000.——DeBrazza, the French explorer, is reported to have been killed in a fight in the Congo.——The Hon. H. B. Payne, of Cleveland, is a candidate for the seat Mr. Pendleton now occupies in the United States Senate.——The total revenue derived from dramshops and wine and beer licenses in St. Louis from the 1st of September to January 1, under the new high license law, amounts to $251,128, an increase of $138,697.——The coinage of the United States Mint for October was $1,356,914, of which $1,050,050 were silver dollars.——O'Donovan Rossa claims the London explosions were caused by Fenians, of whose movements he is aware.——Ex-Sen. Tabor has, it is said, completed the purchase of immense beds of very rich carbonate of copper lying in Hardeman County, Texas. The deposits of this ore cover an area of 160,000 to 170,000 acres, and the purchase price was $250,000.——The St. Louis Grand Jury have found indictments against numerous individuals connected with the gambling ring. They also censure the Governor for granting pardons and recommended that the pardoning power be taken from him.——Gov. Ordway, of Dakota, wants Congress to provide for holding a legitimate Constitutional Convention to prepare one or two constitutions or else pass an enabling act to be submitted to the people for ratification.——In the

Correspondence.

NEW YORK LETTER.

Why Fashionable New York Ladies Enjoy Shopping—A Glimpse at Some of the Millinery Stores—Women as Stock Speculators—A Curious Abduction Case.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade:

NEW YORK, Nov. 5, 1883.

New York is not so old in years as London or Paris but it is rapidly approaching those two great capitals in wickedness. It is a curious thing in London to see women drinking at a public bar, and nearly all of the fashionable stores set out a little lunch at which wine is served. In the famous *Bon Marcheé* in Paris, the largest retail dry goods store in the world, there is a room set aside, on the ground floor, where customers may refresh themselves. The room is elegantly frescoed and gotten up in the most beautiful style. At one end of it is a regular bar, presided over by an exquisite dressed in the light of fashion. There are

CUT GLASS DECANTERS

filled with all kinds of syrups and wines and —cognac. On a warm day, when the store is crowded—and there is always a great throng there—a long line is formed in front of this bar and each lady calls for whatever form of liquid she chooses. The servant in waiting serves her. She drinks and makes away for some one else. There is no charge at all, but the customers are supposed to appear more than once or twice in the course of the afternoon, although many take a walk around the store and then fall into line for another call. Most of the French women take a little syrup and iced water, while the English and American customers almost invariably call for wine or cognac. While we have have no such place as the *Bon Marcheé* bar—if it may be so-called—here in New York, it is a well-known fact that there are a great many places where

LIQUORS ARE SOLD

to women alone, and it must also be chronicled that there are a great many women who patronize these places, women who move in the highest sphere of social life, too, who are never suspected of a fondness for the flowing bowl. New Yorkers are rapidly becoming a convivial people, the women as well as the men. But they—the feminine leaders of the upper ten—have no visits to go to—they don't go to the saloons of course and were they to indulge in their little bouts at home, servants would talk and there would be no end of scandal. But they have their little places where they can meet for a good time without anyone being the wiser. Where? In some of the most fashionable millinery stores in New York. The places are fitted up gorgeously, so that any lady can go into them without incurring the slightest suspicion. The rooms are elegantly furnished, with mirrors and pictures and cases full of the latest novelties in bonnets and trimmings. But the initiated ones after making some trifling purchase walk back to the end of the store, and turning through a

HEAVILY CURTAINED DOOR

enter a large room divided into large compartments by rich hangings. There are luxurious lounges, great easy chairs, all the latest magazines, papers and novels, and here she can sit and sip the liquid refreshment in any shape she cares to have it, from plain sherry wine to the grandest of fancy mixed drinks to champegne cocktails. Or she can meet a party of friends and have an elaborate wine supper, the cost of which can be regulated only by the size of her purse. It is quite the thing this Fall to give

LITTLE WINE PARTIES

in these places to parties of four or five, each member of the party standing treat in turn. These millinery bars abound all over the fashionable quarters and are rapidly making fortunes for their owners, who, of course keep the rear feature of their place very quiet, while naturally the customers themselves never say a word outside the circle of their personal friends.

THE LADIES' STOCK EXCHANGE.

A curious suit has just been finished in the Circuit Court, where Mrs. Myra E. Favor sued A. W. Dimock and E. N. Whiton for $2,118 balance in stock transactions, and $5,000 for the conversion of stocks, the property of Mrs. Favor. The testimony showed that there was a regular Ladies' Stock Exchange, where ladies gambled on the rise and fall of stocks, and speculated exactly as their fathers, brothers and husbands do on Wall Street. In this instance the lady operator seemed to be a pretty shrewd one, for she showed that she had speculated to win, and the jury gave her the case, much to the disgust of Messrs. Dimock and Whiton.

A MYSTERIOUS CASE.

Last September a well known Broadway jeweller named Homar Hoag disappeared suddenly from home, and though the most strenuous exertions were made to discover his whereabouts, not a clue of him could be found from that time until a few days ago, when he turned up at home after one of the strangest experience ever recorded in this City. He tells the story himself, and it only deepens the mystery. He says: "I remember sitting in front of my place at 2 o'clock on the morning of September 4, and exchanging good morning with Officer Duff, who was the last person reported as having seen me. I was afterwards a man came along, and, addressing me by name, began to talk. I could not exactly place him, but thought I had met him before. After a while he suggested that we should take a drink. We went across the street and had two glasses of ale each, and I started to go back to my store. The stranger, however, begged me to take another drink at the place of a friend of his near by, and I consented. I had walked about three blocks

WHEN I LOST CONSCIOUSNESS,

and remember nothing more until I awoke in a private boarding house at 18 Highgate street, London. I could scarcely believe my senses when I was told where I was. The house was kept by a family named Collender, and they told me that I had been brought there three days before by a young man whose description tallied with that of the man with whom I had drunk in New York. He represented himself to be my neighbor. It was then just three weeks since I left New York. I went to the American Exchange, No. 449 Strand, but did not see any one I knew. I then told my story to the police, but they were unable to assist me in discovering my abductor. Curiously enough my money, about $200, and my diamond studs

WERE UNTOUCHED,

but my watch, a very valuable gold one, for which I would not have taken $1,000, was gone. I left London for New York in the "Canada." Her shaft broke near St. John's, and I came from that place to New York on the "Scotia" under an assumed name, arriving here last Wednesday. I then learned from a friend whom I happened to meet in the street that my mother was dangerously ill from grief at my disappearance, at Prescott, Ont., and I at once went there, returning this morning." Mr. Hoag's appearance is greatly changed. He looks

HAGGARD AND WORN,

and has the appearance of a man recovering from a severe illness. He says that he has one implacable enemy whom he suspects of having caused his abduction. He intends to resume business in a few days and says that all the debts he left will be promptly discharged and that the jewelry belonging to his customers that was left with him to be repaired is safe and will be returned.

POLITICS.

The political pot is fairly boiling over, and has been for the past week. To-morrow the whole matter will be settled at the polls, and we will see the outcome of the great fight that has been waged between Tammany Kelly and the County Democracy. The fight has been unusually bitter this Fall, and the Republicans are hoping for very material gains by reason of this bitterness. The result of to-morrow's polling will be looked for with intense interest not only here, but all over the country.

CHAPUS.

WHY SOLDIERS DESERT.

A Stinging Letter from an Enlisted Man—Wretched Treatment of Recruits—Promotion for Menial Services—The Soldier Merely a Laborer in Uniform, and the Army Only a Fatigue Party.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

FORT MEADE, Dak., Oct. 15, 1883.

Having time and again perused articles published in the press throughout the land, relating to desertions and the causes thereof, and having seen the suggestions of army officers and other writers, to prevent the wholesale desertions that occur annually, and deeming them entirely inadequate as a remedy, I being a soldier and one who has served on the frontier a number of years, desire to enlighten the soldier and civilian readers of the BLADE as to the true cause of this evil, and to the treatment received by any enlisted man who has the hardihood to remain in a service tainted with corruption, and not only a reproach to such a country as ours but it is used for the purpose of an asylum for a certain class who disgrace the uniforms they wear by appearing on all public parades, ceremonies, etc., in a beastly state of intoxication. Alas! how the service has degenerated in them the past few years. Your readers may think that I draw it rather strong, but my experience as a soldier leads me to believe that this is a very charitable view to take of the subject.

A recent article in a Washington paper relating to an interview with a recruiting officer, stated that the recruiting officer was

REJECTING ABLE-BODIED MEN DAILY.

This may be true, but I doubt the statement, as the major portion of recruits received on the frontier are mere boys, ranging from 16 years of age to 19, and so on. Any exceptions to this rule are a few who are above the average degree of intelligence, and in a moment of pique through some misunderstanding at home conclude to don a suit of blue.

The unsophisticated youth who approaches a recruiting rendezvous sees staring him in the face laudatory accounts of a soldier and the duty he is expected to perform, clothing, medical attendance and rations, in addition to the munificent sum of $13 per month. He is immediately seized with a desire to become a valiant soldier, and he pictures himself mounted on a fiery, untamed buffalo, hunting the "Injun" in his native wilds, a la dime novel.

ENLIGHTENING THE RECRUIT.

How sadly this idea is dissipated upon his arrival at his permanent station, where he finds that the implements of war are almost exclusively a pick and shovel, and that the first exercise is executed in a ditch in one time and two motions. A percentage of these men who are above the average in intelligence and common sense, become disgusted at such treatment, and after receiving their first pay procure passage on a prairie schooner and are known no more as soldiers. Many of the soldiers obtained for the army are lads guests of Castle Garden, and who can scarcely speak the English language is rather imperfect; this, of course, unfits them for duty with their company for a time; they are seized by the officers of the company with avidity and made to perform all kinds of menial labor from the duties of a lackey to that of a chamber-maid.

In flagrant violation of army regulations, they retain their positions as menials for perhaps a year, when they report to their respective companies as non-commissioned officers as follows, which is read to the company at retreat roll-call:

"For meritorious services (as a menial) and upon the recommendation of his immediate commander, private Gottlieb Gottsteinheim is hereby recommended to the rank of Corporal. *He will be obeyed and respected accordingly.*"

Menials are marked as duty men on the morning report but perform none, consequently the man who is a *soldier* performs the duties of two men. This is one of the causes of desertion.

PECULIATING THE PRIVATE'S PAY.

The food furnished by the Government is ample and wholesome, and if it were issued to the soldier as the spirit of the law requires, it would be sufficient for the wants of any man. Twenty-two ounces of bread per diem is allowed each man, but four ounces are deducted for the benefit of the "Post Fund." The Post Fund is an accumulation of monies from the sales of bread deducted from a soldier's ration. This fund is expended in beautifying the offices of the Commanding officer—Adjutant—and for the purchase of printing materials and other sundries. By the way, an officer does not contribute towards this fund.

The remaining eighteen ounces are further reduced for the benefit of the Company Fund. Company Fund is an accumulation of money in the hands of a company commander (who does not contribute a cent to it) from the sales of a soldier's rations, i. e., coffee, sugar, bacon, beans and rice, which is issued to each man as subsistence.

This is used for furnishing the office with carpets, mirrors and sundries and the purchase of boards, nails, locks and other articles to be used in making wardrobes, bedsteads, etc., for the officers' use—while the men go hungry—another cause of desertion.

If any enlisted man should be so unfortunate as to absent himself from his company from a single call, he will be confined in the post guard house, tried by court-martial and sentenced to fine and imprisonment, the offense being less than that committed by the majority of the garrison officers each day, and perhaps by the very officers by whom he was tried.

FARCICAL COURTS.

The Courts Martial in the army are a farce of the most flagrant kind, and a prisoner is convicted before he is even arraigned before the court room. It is as difficult for a soldier to escape a Court Martial unscathed as it is for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle.

As the soldier is sentenced in accordance with the wishes of his Company Commander regardless of the evidence brought before the Court, for instead of being innocent until he is proven guilty, it is just the reverse in army trials, and he is guilty until he proves himself innocent, and as he has no facilities for producing evidence, that is almost an impossibility. Is it a wonder then that good men desert?

MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

An applicant for enlistment is informed that he is provided with competent medical attendance in case of sickness. This may be the case at some posts, but at Fort Meade it is somewhat different; while there has been large expenditures on the hospital here, it is nothing but a mass of inconveniences and the treatment a patient receives is something that cannot be understood from a written account. The Post Surgeon speaks to the patients under his charge, swearing at them in a most outrageous manner, and he takes a delight in prescribing all kinds of nasty decoctions that his ingenuity can invent, and if tpecac and tartar emetic be a cure for rheumatism, it must be a new discovery in the medical line, but such doses are prescribed in the hospital here for the above malady.

A common remark at this post is that a fitting inscription over the hospital door would be, "Who enter here leave hope behind." Is it strange that a man deserts after coming from the hospital for fear that he may again undergo the tortures of this "modern inquisition."

NOTHING BUT A FATIGUE PARTY.

Is the army of the United States an army? I answer no; it is nothing but a uniformed "Fatigue Party," and the men who belong to it nothing but laborers, and a man who enlists with the idea of soldiering, is so entirely tricked and taken in that he deserts at the first available opportunity.

Another item in the treatment a soldier receives, which will serve as a good illustration, is the way members of "H" Company, 25th Infantry, were colored) have been sentenced and imprisoned for something of so frivolous a character that it has become a by-word at this Post.

Several members of the above mentioned Company stated on an investigation by officers of the garrison, "that they did not get enough to eat," said statement being under oath. They were in every case tried by court martial for perjury and sentenced from three to five years at hard labor at Stillwater, Minn. This is the way soldiers are treated who try to secure their rights in response to the pangs of hunger. This is true word for word, as I was attached to the Company during a portion of the Summer of 1882 as mounted guide, and was a witness to the manner in which their scanty rations were served to them, as if they were paupers and inmates of an almshouse. Is it surprising that men will desert to prevent a like fate, or in other words, in self-defense?

THE REMEDY

for this evil would be such an entire reformation in the Army that the officers would hold up their hands in abject horror. It is decent treatment of the enlisted man, promotion according to ability and intelligence, soldiering instead of work in a ditch, a sufficiency of food and other necessaries of life, and a change in the present manner of trial by court martial that will insure the acquittal of innocent men, a weeding out of the worthless and inebriated officers of the army, more promotions to the grade of Second Lieutenant from the ranks, better pay and less tyranny. Such a course would insure an army that the country might be proud of, and where there are now hundreds of desertions there would scarcely be one.

TROOPER.

Corn Ruined.

TERRE HAUTE, Oct. 31.—Fully one-half of the corn crop on the bottoms of the Wabash River was ruined by the late freshet. One farmer has 100,000 bushels under water. The river is at a stand to-night.

THINK OF IT NOW!

Although much is said about the importance of a blood-purifying medicine, it may be possible that the subject has never seriously claimed your attention. *Think of it now!*

Almost every person has some form of scrofulous poison latent in his veins. When this develops in **Scrofulous Sores, Ulcers, or Eruptions,** or in the form of **Rheumatism, or Organic Diseases,** the suffering that ensues is terrible. Hence the gratitude of those who discover, as thousands yearly do, that

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

will thoroughly eradicate this evil from the system.

As well expect life without air as health without pure blood. Cleanse the blood with AYER'S SARSAPARILLA.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

Pensioning Old Soldiers.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

WABASH, COHN P. O., Clark Co., Ill., Oct. 1.

I noticed in a September issue, "A Rejected claim." It is certainly very humiliating, as well as mortifying, to a man who served his country in the dark days of that Christless, wicked and God-forsaken Rebellion. Are we not all rejected—all of us ex-soldiers? I served through the war in the 45th Kentucky Mounted Infantry, was in all the fights up the Big Sandy in the brigade commanded by the immortal James A. Garfield. He was loved by every true soldier, not only for his valor, patriotism and bravery, but the great kindness in caring for his men—always pleasant and agreeable to all. But, alas! he is gone. We lost our best friend. He was a power in high places. We expected something would be done during the present Administration that would greatly relieve the wants of the many suffering ex-soldiers. We do not ask this Government to pay us for our services while soldiering. This Government is not rich enough to pay one man that was confined three months in either Andersonville or Libby Prisons, hells of the South, and yet certain editors cry out that the soldiers have had pay enough. They were to have $13 per month. They got it; 'tis enough.

These same juggling babblers derided the Greenback money as Lincoln rags. Now, what was a dollar? We got what the babblers called worth $4.80 per month, and we think the time has fully come when we should be made equal with others. Every two years since 1870, a bill has been regularly introduced in Congress providing for the equalization of bounties. This bill has been used as a hobby horse, and many who claim to be friendly to the bill think such an enactment would be too great a drain upon the Treasury, and it would be inexpedient to place such a law upon the statute books, under the provision of which several millions of dollars would have to be paid to the ex-soldiers who are living, or the legal representatives of those who are dead. If a well-known fact that the greater portion of the men, who enlisted during the three first years of the war, and who were discharged before the expiration of their terms of service, received no bounties, at least none from the government. Two years' men, if discharged by reason of sickness before two years' full service, are not entitled to the $150 provided by the acts of July, 1861, and July, 1866, and three-years' men, if discharged before two full years' service, were likewise deprived of all bounties under the law. I understand it was to correct these irregularities in the law, to do even-handed justice to all who volunteered in defense of the flag of their country, that this bill was first proposed; its object was to give every man who faithfully served his country for a longer or shorter period a bounty of $8.33⅓ per month for the time actually served. Men who enlisted in 1861 and 1862 got no advance payment. Men who enlisted in 1864 were paid in instalments, so they got part of what had been promised them. There is no view of the subject that does not commend itself to the favorable consideration of every fair-minded, loyal citizen. Delay can no longer be excused on the ground that the country is not rich enough to stand the burden such legislation would impose. This Government is rich enough to donate 20 millions to the improvement of rivers and arms of the sea, many of which are only navigable after heavy rains, and then only for cockleshell boats, and it can certainly find money enough to pay the men who made such sacrifice to save the country from ruin in time of war.

OLD PRIVATE.

Admires the Blade's Course.

ALTONA, Ill., Oct. 26, 1883.

To the Editor of the Blade:

As one of the 114,000 subscribers of the BLADE, I desire to express my thoro satisfaction with its management. Nothing, in my estimation, could be more praiseworthy than the way in which it addressed its consistency pending the recent election in Ohio. There was no attempt to shirk, cover up or misrepresent the issues at stake. A spade was simply called a spade. No reasonable man but knew that the great contest to be fought over was the status of the Rum Power in the body politic, and, as you so clearly stated, that power was neither Democratic nor Republican, but self. That the Democratic party was wooed and won by the Liquor Power is a thing to the entire satisfaction of every real lover of art in this country and Europe. The

Most Liberal Offer Ever Made!

The Greatest Work of Art Ever Produced!

A $10 Engraving Almost Given Away!

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS AND THE WEEKLY BLADE FOR $2.00!

The BLADE COMPANY has purchased of the Congregational Publishing Society, of Boston, the Steel Engraving of BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS, and is therefore re-producing a limited number of the great work, which has been ranked in Europe and America as the

Very Best Steel Engraving Ever Made,

Was originally the idea of Rev. Daniel Wight, of Scituate, Mass. He gave his sketch to the world-renowned artist, HAMMATT BILLINGS, of Boston, who perfected it. This great work, the best of the many the great artist has produced, was entrusted to Joseph Andrews, of Boston, confessedly the first engraver upon steel in the world, who gave it the best of his time for eight years, it being with him more a labor of love than profit. From the beginning to the production of the first impression, over

$20,000

Had been expended upon it, and the result was the most elaborate, perfect and beautiful specimen of steel engraving the world has ever seen, with perhaps one exception.

A PARTIAL DESCRIPTION OF THE WORK.

The series, for there are one hundred distinct pictures on the plate, distinct, yet all connected, commences at the right lower corner with the **CITY OF DESTRUCTION,** Christian, alarmed at the impending doom, escaping, his wife and children imploring him stay.

After this are the Tableau to the number of one hundred, as follows:

2. The Pilgrim in rags, on his knees; Bible open.
3. Evangelist comes to the Pilgrim.
4. Pilgrim fleeing for Eternal life.
5. Neighbors looking on, mocking.
6. Obstinate and Pliable sent to bring him back.
7. Pliable persuaded to go with him.
8. SLOUGH OF DESPOND; steps.
9. Pliable deserts and returns to the city.
10. Help aiding the Pilgrim out.
11. Pilgrim meets Worldly-Wiseman.
12. Village of Morality.
13. Pilgrim terrified at Mt. Sinai; lightning.
14. Evangelist again meets and reproves.
15. The light over the wicket gate; "Sit lux."
16. THE WICKET GATE; Knocks, etc.
17. Pilgrim gladly received at Gate.
18. Beelzebub shot at; arrows flying.
19. Good-Will directing Pilgrim on his way.
20. HOUSE OF THE INTERPRETER; the light.
21. The first Medallion.
22. The dusty room cleansed.
23. PASSION AND PATIENCE.
24. The Devil pouring water, Christ pouring oil.
25. The valiant man; writing late.
26. The man in an iron cage.
27. Dream of the JUDGMENT.
28. Pilgrim leaves the HIGHWAY OF SALVATION.
29. Losing his burden at the Cross.
30. ANGELS SHEWING ONES at the Cross.
31. Simple, Sloth and Presumption, chained.
32. Formalist and Hypocrisy tumbling over the wall.
33. Three different roads; Danger and Destruction.
34. Christian asleep.
35. The valiant man; writing late.
36. The man in an iron cage.
37. Dream of the JUDGMENT.
38. Losing his burden at the Cross.
39. ANGELS SHEWING ONES at the Cross.
40. Simple, Sloth and Presumption, chained.
41. Formalist and Hypocrisy tumbling over the wall.
42. Three different roads; Danger and Destruction.
43. Christian asleep.
44. Christian reposes in the CHAMBER OF PEACE.
45. VIEW DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS from Balcony
46. Putting on the CHRISTIAN ARMOR.
47. Retiring from the Palace Beautiful.
48. In the VALLEY OF HUMILIATION, Apollyon.
49. A hand with leaves from the "Tree of Life."
50. VALLEY OF SHADOW OF DEATH.
51. Meeting Evil-Counsel; "Back, back."
52. Deep in Valley; Ditch on right; Quag on left.
53. MOUTH OF HELL, smoke, fire, hobgoblins, etc.
54. Approaching cave of POPE AND PAGAN.
55. The Pope, with emblems, Bible locked, skulls, etc.
56. Seeing FAITHFUL, calls, overtakes, stumbles.
57. The Pilgrims overtake TALKATIVE.
58. EVANGELIST again meets and further instructs.
59. Faithful burnt at the stake—chariot of fire.
61. The new convert, HOPEFUL.
62. Overtake BY-ENDS, from town of FAIR-SPEECH.
63. Leave behind, Hold-the-World, Money-Love, Save-All.
64. The delicate "PLAIN OF EASE."
65. The hill LUCRE; the silver mine; DEMAS.
66. An ancient MONUMENT; Lot's wife.
67. RIVER OF GOD; delightful prospects.
68. Pilgrim reposing on banks of river of life.
69. The stile into BY PATH MEADOW.
70. Following VAIN-CONFIDENCE; the Pit.
71. Apprehended by GIANT DESPAIR.
72. Pilgrims cast into "DOUBTING CASTLE."
73. Escape from the CASTLE and GIANT.
74. A MANSION surrounded by gardens.
75. DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS; the Shepherds.
76. Men blinded by Giant Despair among the tombs.
77. MOUNT CLIMBING, with the hard ascent.
78. MT. ERROR; viewing men dashed in pieces below.
79. A By-Way to Hell; door in side of the hill; smoke.
80. Mr. CLEAR; in view with Shepherds, chained.
81. Taking leave of the shepherds, with directions.
82. Meet IGNORANCE from Country of Conceit.
83. Turn AWAY, and turned off by seven fiends.
84. The FLATTERER, a black man in a white robe.
85. Pilgrim caught in net; delivered by a shining one.
86. The Flatterer escapes, losing his white robe.
87. ATHEIST on a donkey, saying, "No mount Zion."
88. The ENCHANTED GROUND; drowsy.
89. Land of "BEULAH," signifying "Married."
90. The King's ORCHARDS, palaces, gates, fountains.
91. ANGELS in shining robes; conversing.
92. RIVER OF DEATH; no bridge; nature shrinks.
93. Christian begins to sink; Hopeful encourages.
94. The waters grow more and more shallow.
95. Received by angels on the opposite shore.
96. Ascend to Heaven's GATE, amid crowds of angels.
97. Transfigured, they enter the CELESTIAL CITY.
98. Ignorance helped over river in VAIN-HOPE'S ferry-boat.
99. Rejected; conveyed by angels to By-way to Hell.

The whole concluding with **"BEYOND THE GATE OF PEARL,"** at the top, showing the **"MANY MANSIONS IN THE FATHER'S HOUSE."** With the multitude of the saved, who like Christian, Faithful and Hopeful, have fought the good fight and finished the course.

No possible description can give any idea of the magnificence of the conception or the exquisite beauty of the execution of this great picture. It is a delight in an artistic sense, and study for all time for those who have read the immortal allegory. As an artistic ornament it is worthy a place in any collection—as a teacher and illustrator of the perils and triumphs of the Christian warfare, it is incomparable.

It will be observed that the engraving is the entire allegory, presented in the artist's pencil and the engraver's skill could do it. It is Bunyan's immortal work, so illustrated that those who have read it are given a better idea of its beauties, and those who have not, get the allegory almost as well as though they had read and studied it.

Aside from its use as an illustration of the Pilgrim's Progress, it is of inestimable value as a work of art. There never was published a more delightful picture, considered simply as a picture, and connoisseurs have given their testimony as to its value by handing their names upon their walls. It is to be found in the collection of every real lover of art in this country and Europe. The

Engraving was Sold Always at $10.

From this time out it will not be sold in art stores or anywhere else. the BLADE COMPANY **OWN THE PLATE** and are henceforth its publishers. It can only be procured of us, and will be furnished only on the following terms:—

The Plate of "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," securely packed in a pasteboard tube, and a Copy of the Weekly Blade, one year, will be sent to any address upon receipt of $2.00.

Only on these terms can it be had. It will not be sold by art dealers or by agents. **IT CAN BE HAD IN CONNECTION WITH THE WEEKLY BLADE ONLY.**

The plate is 21 by 25 inches in size, printed upon the heaviest and best plate paper, better in fact than when it was sold at the original price, $10, and it is being printed by the best plate printer in the world. We warrant it to be all that is claimed for it, to the most minute particular, and know that whoever receives it will consider that we have made them a beautiful and valuable present.

No such chance has ever been made in any newspaper in the world, or will ever be. It is giving a $10 picture to every subscriber to the BLADE at $1 over the price of the paper, and the paper is the cheapest in the world.

This Splendid Steel Engraving and the Blade One Year for $2.00!!

Orders for the BLADE and Engraving will be filed in the order in which they are received. The paper will be sent on receipt of the order, and the engraving as rapidly as they can be packed and addressed.

Those now on the books who desire the plate for Holiday presents may secure it by enclosing $2, and having their subscription to the BLADE extended one year.

The Blade One Year and the Engraving for $2.00.

Those wanting the plate for Holiday Presents will do well to order at once. Address

"BLADE," Toledo, Ohio.

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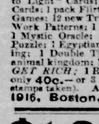
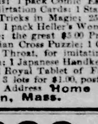


Fig. 1.



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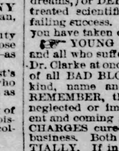

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The Household.

Edited by Miss Emily S. Bouton.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper, write plainly as possible, and do not interline.

4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

TABLE ETIQUET.

III.

As I said before, while such general rules of conduct apply everywhere, there are often little dicta of etiquet which fashion or custom imposes that one thro absence from general society may be in ignorance of. Any embarrassment from this ignorance may usually be guarded against by letting others take the initiative, and carefully observing what they do. An incident that occurred in my own presence not long ago illustrates this. A gentleman—and he was one in every look and action,—whose business had kept him for several years upon the frontier, was seated not far from me at the table at a dinner party. Not a look or action thro the several courses betrayed that it was not an every day occurrence, until just before the fruit an l coffee was brought on, the servant placed finger bowls before the guests. For a brief moment, he gazed in a bewildered, distressed sort of way at the dish with its contents of water upon which floated a geranium leaf, then the look vanished, but I saw that he quietly kept watch until a lady near him, after eating some fruit, dipped her fingers daintily into the bowl and wiped them upon her napkin. He was all right then, none beside myself at the table having perceived even his momentary perplexity, and I should not, if the merest chance had not brought him under my observation at that particular moment.

One day at the table I noticed a curious thing. A lady raised her glass to drink. Instead of bringing it up perpendicularly to her lips and then lifting it at a slight angle so that she could get the contents easily, she threw back her head very much as if she were in a dentist's chair about to have a session with a tooth artist, and then literally poured the liquid down her throat. Watching others, I saw she was not alone in this sort of an operation. Several of the steamer sex elevated their glasses in a most ungraceful manner, and gulped their contents down with a big "swallow" that was anything but musical.

Now these may seem little things but as you know trifles make up the sum of human life. The fine manner which everybody admires, that carries with it a pleasant influence always, that is a passport to favor in any society is acquired by careful attention to just such small matters as these I am mentioning. I had a friend—I say *had* because the temple of her beautiful spirit now reposes in Greenwood Cemetery—who never failed in winning her way through whatever difficult circumstances she might be placed. I have seen her meet and disarm most violent anger by the unfailing grace of her own good nature set off by a perfect manner, that was never betrayed into awkwardness. You may say that this was natural, but she was, as a child, one of the most rough and tumble little creatures ever seen, always falling over anything that was near her path, letting her plate, knife or fork drop to the floor, tearing her dress,—in short, doing a thousand and one things to perpetually bring her into disgrace. But she had a careful mother who saw the importance of so-called little things, and corrected what many would have permitted to go unnoticed, and passing by what might seem of greater moment at the time. A big rent in her frock did not count for so much in the maternal eyes as awkwardness at the table and elsewhere. As the girl grew up she imbibed the same notion, and with the pride of young womanhood watched herself carefully, until these habits became, second nature, and she was everywhere noticed for her grace of manner.

This is, however, a digression but I speak of it as illustrating the importance of little things in forming good manners, and to show that the most awkward may, by careful training, cure themselves of habits that do not belong to good breeding.

To return. A sort of nervousness or impatience often leads people between courses to play with things upon the table, the goblet, knife and fork, napkin ring, whatever comes within easy reach. Or they will sprawl themselves with both arms upon the edge of the table, or lean upon one elbow. All of these things are considered very much out of place in refined society and should be avoided.

Never use your knife, fork or spoon to help yourself to anything which is not upon your individual dishes. To stick your own knife into the butter, to dip your spoon into the sauce in order to help yourself is the hight of ill breeding which only dire necessity could excuse. Avoid using a toothpick while at the table, unless absolutely driven to it, and then put one hand over the mouth while with the other take away the offending article.

Years ago it was considered the hight of politeness for the entertainers to urge food upon their guests, and it is sometimes done now to a degree that is extremely embarrassing. Offer an edible once and if it is refused, consider that the person knows his own mind and let it suffice. The truest politeness is that which permits people to do whatever makes them most comfortable, and the hostess need never be afraid that anyone will go from her table hungry, if she has provided well, and it is properly offered to her guests. At any rate etiquet now dictates no pressing of food upon anyone who has once refused it.

The host and hostess should always make at least a pretense of eating until all their guests have finished their repast. Some persons dispose of their food much faster than others, as all know, or perhaps they may talk more while others are discussing the goodies in silence, which leaves the former in a most unpleasant predicament, unless some one bears them company. This is always the duty of the hostess, who must have the tact to appear as if she had not finished her repast either, and was in no haste to do so.

Another distinguishing characteristic of a perfect hostess is the entire ignoring of any awkwardness, either through clumsiness or ignorance, on the part of those seated at her table; of passing over any accident, no matter how much it may really mean to her, and thus putting the author of it at ease. She does not allow a servant's shortcomings to outwardly disturb her, but in everything studies to make the occasion as void of any unpleasant element as possible. Perhaps there is nothing requiring more tact and discretion than to preside at a dinner table, to see that each guest is cared for and all are made to enjoy themselves. Here again comes in the necessity for that perfect self-possession before spoken of, which will not be disturbed under any provocation. In Edgar Fawcett's last story he describes his heroine, a beautiful woman and a very queen of society, menaced in her own house and before guests of high degree with an exposure of her antecedents, which she felt would be a disgrace to which death would be preferable. During one of the courses when her absence would be least felt, she slipped from her place and in a brief five minutes wrestled with her trouble, warded it off for a time, and returned, showing no trace of th agony which she had been through except by an unwonted pallor and an added brilliancy to her eyes, while her guests were none the wiser, save one, a long tried friend, and another, an enemy, who had secretly schemed to bring about her fall. But there are not many who could thus hold themselves under such rigid self-control, and happily there is rarely need for anything like that.

An invitation to a dinner or tea party should be accepted or refused as soon as possible, in order that the entertainers may know whom to expect, and in case of a declination fill the vacant place. Let me impress this upon you that there can not be a much greater rudeness than to fail to put in an appearance where a limited number of guests have been invited, and your absence will make a decided difference in the arrangements, as it is sure to do under such circumstances.

The hostess should have her arrangements made to seat her guests at once without confusion, and so that those whom she knows are most congenial shall be near together. She must manage to place the quiet ones in the neighborhood of those more talkative. The best way is to mention to each gentleman the lady or ladies he is to escort to the dining room, and then when dinner is announced they will quietly arrange themselves according to her wishes. In formal affairs, it is now the custom for the servant who admits the guests, to hand each gentleman before he enters the dining-room, a card containing the name of the lady who is to be his companion during the entertainment. Of course, the lady assigned to him whether agreeable or disagreeable, has the first claim upon his attention.

It is in extremely bad taste, and yet is sometimes done, to thank the host or hostess upon departing for the entertainment. All that is necessary is an expression of pleasure or enjoyment when you are uttering your farewells.

I said in the beginning that I did not purpose to enter into the minutia of table etiquet, and I shall go no farther, only adding one thing: Remember that though you may be ignorant of fashionable details, if you avoid boorishness and awkwardness, and maintain a quiet self-possession you will never at any table do aught unbecoming the true lady and gentleman.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Hanging Pillow for Chair or Sofa Back.—Make a small, round pillow, 16 inches long and 20 inches round. It should not be stuffed hard. For an outside covering have four pieces, two of satin and two of plush. Cut them 16 inches long and seven inches at the widest part, and slope them to an inch and a half at the ends. A pretty pattern of outline embroidery may be put upon the satin. Sew them together strongly, leaving one seam half open to put in the pillow. This must then be sewed carefully, the ends drawn up and finished with cords and tassels, and a pretty silk cord attached to suspend it with to the back of the chair.

Another cheaper cushion may be made by knitting four stripes of contrasting colors, then over-stitching them together for a covering to the pillow. The stripes must be widened at the first end and narrowed at the other in order to make the right slope. Or they may be knit the same width, then drawn together at the ends, fastened with a worsted cord and tassels that are easily made. Of course the pillow must be lined by a worsted cord. The stripes are sometimes crocheted and then embroidered. Those who have never tried these pillows can have no idea of the amount of comfort they represent. They can be adjusted to accommodate the person who generally occupies the chair, or thrown over the back if not desired to be used.

Paper Holder.—Here is one, "Fannie:" The materials are, pasteboard, two kinds of calico, paste, and embossed pictures. Cut a piece of pasteboard about 15 inches long and 8 or 9 wide. Cut it in any pretty design at the top, then cover this with calico, (I took drab), and put an embossed picture, if you like, a little below the top. Then take another piece of pasteboard about half as long as this and same width, and cut the top in same design as the others. In the center of this cut some design and cover the scroll work on wrong side with turkey red calico. Cover this piece of pasteboard with drab calico, first cutting through the center so that the red will show, fasten this to the other piece, and you have a pretty ornament.—MRS. L. E. PARSLOE, Star Prairie, Wis.

WATCH POCKET.—Seeing it is near the Holidays, I will send a way for making a watch pocket: Take a horse shoe, (I think an old one the best as it is smoother); paint it; when it dries take some narrow ribbon, tie a bow over each hole, drawing the ribbon through and around the inside of the shoe; then cut a piece of pasteboard the size of the inside of the shoe, to come a little above the holes; cover with satin; make a shirred pocket of the same and fasten to it; then fasten all to the ribbons on the shoe; tie a ribbon around the heel, and it looks to hang by. I would like to have some sister of the HOUSEHOLD give a direction for crocheting a hood for a girl four or six years old, and oblige.—TAZZIE.

CRAZY CUSHION.—Take scraps of silk, satin, etc., of all shapes and sizes, embroider a small bud or flower in each scrap, with silk floss, then baste them on a lining of silesia, working all the seams, with silk of different colors, fill with cotton and finish with ribbon bows or cord and tassel.—NELLIE.

Shell Lace.—Cast on 18 stitches. First row—s 1—k 1—t o—n—t o—n—t o 2—n—k 8—t o 2—p 2 tog. Second row—t o 2—p 2 tog—k 9—k 1—p 1—k 6. Third row—s 1—k 1—t o—n—t o—n—k 11—t o 2—p 2 tog. Fourth row—t o 2—p 2 tog—k 17. Fifth row—s 1—k 1—t o—n—t o—n—t o 2—n—k 7—t o 2—p 2 tog. Sixth row—t o 2—p 2 tog—k 8—k 1—p 1—k 1—k 1—p 1—k 6. Seventh row—s 1—k 1—t o—n—t o—n—k 13—t o 2—p 2 tog. Eighth row—t o 2—p 2 tog—k 19. Ninth row—s 1—k 1—t o—n—t o—n—t o 2—n—t o 2—n—t o 2—n—k 7—t o 2—p 2 tog. Tenth row—t o 2—p 2 tog—k 8—k 1—p 1—k 1—k 1—p 1—k 1—k 1—p 1—k 6. Eleventh row—s 1—k 1—t o—n—t o—n—k 16—t o 2—p 2 tog. Twelfth row—t o 2—p 2 tog—k 22. Thirteenth row—s 1—k 1—t o—n—t o—n—t o 2—n—t o 2—n—t o 2—n—t o 2—n—k 8—t o 2—p 2 tog. Fourteenth row—t o 2—p 2 tog—k 9—k 1—p 1—k 1—k 1—p 1—k 1—k 1—p 1—k 1—k 1—p 1—k 6. Fifteenth row—s 1—k 1—t o—n—t o—n—k 20—t o 2—p 2 tog. Sixteenth row—t o 2—p 2 tog—k till you have 17 stitches on the left hand needle, bring the remaining stitches on the right hand needle over the last one knit, then knit 17 stitches, this completes one shell.

S, slip; t o, thread over; k, knit; n, narrow; p, purl, and tog., together.—EMMA.

Correspondence.

A MOUNTAIN RIDE.—I have thought for some time I must thank the editor for her very interesting letters in the columns of the BLADE on "Summering in the Mountains." They are intensely so to me, carrying my thoughts back to similar scenes and incidents in my own life, but I regret in reading them that each one is not longer.

She asks in her last one, "Did you ever ride down a mountain trail on horseback?" So I will tell her of my first ride of many subsequent ones.

In my young days I lived some years on the mountains of one of the West India Islands, where there are plenty of trails, or passes they are called there. We rode, not on horses, but mules—for they did not consider a horse safe (or mule either) when not raised in the mountains—the saddle, strapped with the sursingle, one as far back as it could be buckled, and the other as far forward, so that it could not slip either way. I mounted, equipped with whip and spur, but how to guide my mule, carry my whip and hold on, was more than I could understand. I could not ride masculine style, for my skirts were in the way and there were gentlemen in the company. But at last we started, a merry party in single file, up! up! and some downs. When not in danger of being pitched over the head of the horse, mule's head, I was hanging on for dear life to keep from going the other way, much to the amusement of the rest, who were expert riders. But I very soon found out I had been provided with the most gentle mule of the party. So we traveled on through defiles so narrow in places that had we met others they could not have passed, with perpendicular mountains on one side and awful precipices on the other (*awful* in the broadest sense of the word), where one mis-step of a faithful animal would have been the last, over places we would not dared have walked. And when we halted I had ridden 16 miles. I was well cheered for sitting my mule so well, the first time I ever rode an animal with four legs. I did not have two rubbers on one foot, either, and prohibition was not talked in those days.

I was once saying before my little one that I had been so high that the clouds seemed below me. A few days after she said to a lady: "My mamma has been up to heaven!"

"Indeed," she said, "and how did she get there?"

"Oh! she went up on a mule!"

Now, dear Editor, in all your hair-breadth escapes and aerial flights, I doubt if you ever get so high.—MRS. G. B., Waverly, Iowa.

SILK CULTURE.—I am sorry I was not more explicit in my remarks on silk culture in your October 4 issue. I have received scores of letters asking where the books mentioned could be obtained. The "Complete Guide to Silk Culture," by L. Capsdall, price 25 cents, and "Silk Culture" $1, both from publisher W. B. Smith & Co., 27 Bond street, New York City—1,000 eggs given with magazine as a premium.

I would be glad, had I time, to answer all the kind letters I have received, but as I have not, I must beg space in the HOUSEHOLD. I will do so in a general way, and each of my correspondents will know they are answered.

Only the eggs are kept over Winter—not the worms. Dried leaves would hardly fill the bill for worm feed. I have not sold any of my cocoons. I saved all of 1,200 to reproduce from. By private letter from New York Silk Exchange I have promise for market all I can raise—either to them or by commission through them to French dealers.

A misprint in my last caused the remark to read—"even at 80 cents per lb."—which should have read "even at 50 cents per lb." If any one inferred from my remarks that there was nothing to do, but go out and pluck a few hedge twigs, feed them to the worms when they were disposed to do so, and then wait until the spirit moved them to feed again, I regret it more than ever. No, in Silk Culture, as in any other industry one will find "eternal vigilance is the price of"—success. To one and all, interested in Silk Culture, let me call attention to "Moss Rose's" article in BLADE HOUSEHOLD of Oct. 11 issue. It is correct in nearly every particular. You kill the chrysalis inside the cocoon by steam, or sun's rays. You throw into hot water when you desire to reel the silk. You could hardly have your crop ready for shipment in six weeks, as it takes some time to dry the cocoons after killing by steam—the surest and best way. The chrysalis comes out in from 12 to 15 days, after the worms finish spinning.

To those who wish to begin, and have neither osage or mulberry, I would advise them to get either seed or cuttings from New York Silk Exchange, 27 Bond street, New York, following their advice as to the kind adapted to the various climates, as perhaps what would grow luxuriantly in the South, would not be best for the Northern States. Osage is a good food, but owing to its thorns mulberry will always be preferred. However, if one has it in abundance, as I have, they can put on a big pair of leather gloves and call all the wounds they get "prejudice," and they will have just as good cocoons as the mulberry-fed ones. I hope I have answered all the questions asked by my numerous correspondents. If not, I must refer you to the "Guide," which is plainer than Scripture.—MRS. Dr. BALL, Fratireton, Vigo Co., Ind.

FROM "PUSS."—Dear girls, this is a wet, cold, disagreeable night, and so I want to step into the HOUSEHOLD for a few moments.

Late "Pansies" are so pretty. I think we have some lovely ones, and I believe they are sweet now with their cheery little faces, than they were early in the season when we had an abundance of other flowers. "Pansy" and I agree precisely, each one should think and act for themselves, and I think folks should marry, when they get ready. Some there are who have got shipwrecked on the rock Matrimony, but that is no reason why every one will, any more than that every one is going to live happy because there are some happy marriages. But really, girls I think the time to marry is when you fall in love with some good, true man, not his money, though that is a quite necessary article. Learn how to keep house, too, before you leave your home. Every girl ought to know how to oversee her home and have servants do the work properly.

Some one asked, "Why should a girl learn housekeeping any more than every boy should learn farming?"

Oh, fiddlesticks; use a little bit of the common sense you are supposed to be endowed with when you are created. Every man does not expect to be a farmer, of course, but every girl does expect and hope to have a home some day of which she will be mistress.

"Ida" must have been reading the *New York Weekly*—or weakly, which is it—and got rather dazed. She cannot be one of the many admirers of Dickens, Scott, Victor Hugo, etc., and then Rev. E. P. Roe as "R." says, writes strictly moral novels. I do like novels—and read them—so do I enjoy history and travels, especially our editor's travels through Colorado this past Summer, and I fancied I could see her as she mounted that horse.

Well, I have been in the HOUSEHOLD circle twice before this, and the last time I came I gained a very dear friend, an Illinois young lady. This time I will not give my address. Our grape jelly is lovely, but by the time this appears, if ever, grape season will be past.

Is S., R. S., of Galena, still in the land of the living?—PUSS.

VINEGAR AND FANCY WORK.—My home is in the country, but I, being a teacher, am absent from it the greater portion of the time. During my Fall vacation have made a number of pretty things for the house, among which are some chair tidies which are quite inexpensive, yet pretty. Will send the directions for making them if any member of the HOUSEHOLD would like them.

I noticed in one of the late numbers of the BLADE, some one asks how to make good vinegar. I have just made a 10 gallon keg full. I had a large jar in which I put the apple peelings from the apples used in cooking. I kept them covered with water and let them stand in the sun till the jar was filled. Then I strained this through a thin muslin sack, and put the juice into my keg. One jar full did not fill it, so I made another in the same way. I did not put any sugar in this for I had a large piece of mother to start with. If I had not had this, I would have sweetened the juice just a trifle with sugar or molasses. Of sugar, about a teacupful to every third gallon of juice. This makes good clear cider vinegar. It should always be kept in a warm place until it becomes sour.

I have also made the same keg full with sorghum molasses. I generally take about one gallon of sorghum to 10 of water. Soft water is preferable; let it stand in a warm place. Honey makes beautiful vinegar also. I never had any trouble in making vinegar; can make it out of most any kind of swill. My brother says it is because I look at it so often. That implies that I wear a sour look. But I don't. Just ask my pupils.

Within the past week have tried about 15 different patterns of knitted lace. I find so many of them are incorrectly given. I have studied out the "Oak Leaf," also the "Combination Lace," which I found in the BLADE of October 11. Of this latter kind I think the top part handsome. Couldn't "Tree-Toad" give the same top with a scallop that consists of more open work?

Some other time I will tell you how to make a beautiful baby carriage afghan. Now I am going to ask some member of the HOUSEHOLD to tell me if they know of any school at which I might fit myself for a professional reader? I think I have some talent in that direction and would like to develop it.—CLICK.

CHARITY FOR ALL.—And now abideth faith, hope, and charity; these three; but the greatest of these is charity. There are two on earth one feeling, one sentiment that is more holy, more godlike than any other, it is that feeling which enables us to look over the petty faults of others, to treat with courtesy those whom we naturally dislike; that feeling, which prompts us to look with charity on the erring ones; to take a calm survey of the chances they have had to make them true and noble. Yes, we want charity in our hearts, the church wants it, and the world would be an Eden if charity were cultivated as it should be.

Charity consists not merely in giving alms when an importunate beggar comes in our way; the bestowment of pittance on a wretch pinched with want, is often the result of an impulse of the moment, and will give a trifle to a mendicant simply to rid themselves of his entreaties. But he who is truly charitable can be actuated by no such feelings. He looks upon suffering humanity as the object of his care, being ever ready to relieve the destitute. Charity is that feeling which worketh no ill but is constantly striving to remove all causes of unhappiness, which watcheth with anxious eye a threatened ill, and throws up a protecting hand to avert an impending danger, which throws its broad mantle over the faults of humanity and seeks excuse for those frailities, which, if its promptings were heeded, would unite the human family in the bonds of friendship and truth. Give food and clothing to those in want with these. Endeavor to give to the suffering body the consolation of a cultured mind.

Charity is not complete, even in those higher labors of elevating the poor, the ignorant and the depraved. It also aims to remove those obstacles which come between the hearts of man and man—that selfishness which locks our affections in our own souls and has been so fruitful of issues of evil. Perhaps there is nothing which more strikingly illustrates this spirit than the slowness with which men comprehend a principle—the many failures they make in carving out broad and generous premises. They will contend for toleration as liberty, because they suffer for the lack of its application. But when it has reached them and they in turn are called to apply it to others, they assume the defensive.

The reformers of yesterday have become the conservatives of to-day. And losing sight of the breadth of the principle, seek as anxiously to limit it to their case as formerly to extend it to their case. Men will admit this principle of charity to be a glorious principle. They will feel the truth of its generous law as it glows before them abstractly, but when they go out in daily life and mingle with the world and get some pecuniary interest in view, how readily they forget all its applications and for the law of love substitute the rule of self-interest, of fraud perhaps, or even violence. How easily is the great principle sacrificed to some policy of the hour and all the ties of brotherhood forgotten and unfelt. Charity is manifested in sentiments of affection between men, in noble and kindly sympathies, in toleration, in friendship, love and truth. Man needs more acquaintance with his fellow-man. We need a closer communion, one with another.—EDLEWEISS.

SEVERAL THINGS.—A reader wishes to know how to cook cornstarch. This is the way I cook it for common use, and the men folks are very fond of it: Put one quart of sweet milk on a stove, in a suitable vessel—I use a spider or skillet—beat one egg, add two tablespoonfuls corn starch, one-half cupful sugar and same of milk, mix until the starch is dissolved, then pour the mixture into hot milk on the stove and stir continously till it boils; then empty into a large tureen, and let cool. If you are so fortunate as to have ice, you can make it very cold, when it resembles ice cream, and is much more healthful. Flavor with anything that suits the taste.

The lady who wants to put up crabs would do well to steam them. Cooked in this way, they do not break up, and look much nicer when canned. Cook some with sugar in a porclain kettle to make a syrup for those you steam, fill the cans with the whole steam crabs, and pour the syrup over them.

For bruises this is a most excellent preparation: Get 10 cents worth of arnica at the drug store. It is the dried flowers of a narcotic plant. Put this in a large-mouthed bottle, and fill up with half alcohol and water. A crushed finger will never get inflamed if the bandage is kept wet with this. It is also good for cuts and bruises on animals. Every family should have a bottle of it.—ALAMO.

A RECIPE.—I have a recipe here I will give, not that I expect members of the HOUSEHOLD to use it, but that they can have it to give to any one who does need it. It is called "A Cure for Scandal," and is as follows: Take of "Good Nature" one ounce; of an herb called by the Indians "Mind Your Own Business," one ounce. Mix this with a little "Charity for Others," and two or three sprigs of "Keep Your Tongue Between Your Teeth." Simmer them in a vessel called "Circumspection," for a short time, and it will be fit for use.

Application.—The symptoms are a violent itching in the tongue and roof of the mouth, which invariably takes place when you are in company with a species of animals called gossips When you feel a fit of the disorder coming on, take a teaspoonful of the mixture; hold it in your mouth, which you will keep closely shut till you get home, and you will find a sure cure. Should you apprehend a relapse, keep a small bottle about you, and on the slightest symptoms repeat the dose.—TOPSY.

THE HUNGRY BOY.—He may differ in age and stature, but never in appetite. You will always find him in the superlative. The hungriest boy you ever saw. He eats his breakfast with a relish a dyspeptic may well envy, pushes back from the table with a "haven't had enough" and an envious look at sister's partially eaten breakfast. Away he goes to dream of dinner. Never flatter yourself. About 10, never later, the refrigerator carefully opens and "the hungry boy" beats a retreat 'round the house, followed by the cook and mother's choice combined, while sundry bits of meat (carefully set one side for a special purpose) are gone, never to return. Further investigation brings to light a mangled pie. What's to be done? Dinner comes, and the first one at the table is the boy who "hasn't had a mouthful since breakfast." "What, my son, about the cold meat and pie in the refrigerator?" "Oh, that's nothing, I forgot." Such a dinner! Potatoes, meat, cabbage, corn, crackers, bread and butter, cheese, meat, potatoes corn, cabbage, crackers—you mentally wonder where dessert will find a place, but are not kept long in suspense, for it disappears like ginger cakes at a country fair. About 2 P. M. our gastronomic hero softly opens the hall door and hurries up-stairs. Entering the closet, he skillfully raises father's Sunday hat placed over the cooky crock, (a strategetic arrangement particularly maternal) chuckling as pockets and mouth are filled, with two or three cookies under his arm for that "other hungry boy" waiting outside, and away he goes, the hall door shutting with a bang that brings the whole feminine portion of the household to their feet. Later mother wonders "where all those crumbs came from in the hall and all along the stairs?"

Supper differs only as it is differently spread before him. Down it goes in quantities more or less—always more, never less—bedtime comes and if mother is indulgent, and father does not protest, Tommy finishes the day with a bowl of bread and milk, and a sly piece of mince pie, goes to bed and dreams a base ball has hit him in the stomach and "a big injun" has hold of his hair. Mother hears him kicking and floundering and leaves her bed to quiet him, telling father next morning that "Tommy must have some medicine for he is too nervous for anything."—MILLY MILLET.

THINGS OF INTEREST.—Some of the sisters think novel reading objectionable. Every one has an opinion of their own, but I think there is comparatively no harm in a good novel. Morals, either good or bad, can be drawn from any book. Most novels give examples from home life, whether in high life or the lower strata of society. But I hear some one exclaim, "Look at the characters shown in most of our novels and the examples set." True, look at them! There is generally some evil disposed genius in every story, also some good spirit which offsets the evil one, and while the one is rewarded the other is doomed to disappointment. Even in history of all nations, there are low characters, and in the "Book of Books" we find characters we would scorn to imitate. Who can read George Eliot's, Charles Reade's, or Dicken's novels and not feel benefited thereby? Many of the novels of to-day are identical with our own lives, and if our every day life could be put upon paper it would seem almost as unreal as the stories we read of in novels.

"Charley" asks some one to write about "choice of vocation." It depends much on your present circumstances. If you have sufficient means, I would advise you to go to school and get a good business education, then learn some trade with a good mechanic. If you have any taste for architecture study that, and fit yourself for a first-class book keeper, that is a paying business and there is always a call for men of that class of work—or a good blacksmith is an independent person, as he can always find some place to open a shop and command good wages. If you are able to have a college education there are many professions open to you from which you can make a choice when you have studied a few years.

"Thomas Pratt" the reason of your hens picking the feathers from each other is because they need some fat of some kind. I generally give my hens potatos and bran with salt and pepper and some oil (or tallow melted) and mixed with the potatos, at least once a week. Put in salt and pepper, the same as you would for yourself, just enough to be palatable. Too much potatos or soft food is not good for hens, as it causes diarrhoea and is not a good egg-producer. Give your hens plenty of bones (not burnt) oyster shells, fresh meat with plenty of clean water. Some hens fed on barley alone, have a tendency to tear off each other's feathers.

I read of an instance where a gentleman had a large number of hens affected that way. He took some feathers, chopped them up, and mixed them with their barley, which they ate eagerly and digested freely. By adding milk to the food they began to lay, and ceased plucking out each other's feathers. He concluded that the proceedings arose from the desire of the hens for azote food.

Where can I obtain the book "Dr. Carlin's Recipes?" I don't remember to have ever seen or heard of it.—M. E. M., The Dalles, Oreg.

The book "Old Dr. Carlin's Recipes" is published by the Locke Publishing Company, Toledo, Ohio. Price, $2. You will find it full of excellent recipes of all kinds, not only for cooking, but for anything likely to arise in housekeeping, sickness, accidents; recipes for the toilet, etc. You will not regret its purchase should you conclude to make it.—ED.

Inquiries.

Will some one please tell me a sure cure for lice on birds immediately? I have some beautiful canaries, and can not get the mites off so but that there will be as many as ever in a day or two. Don't say set a dish of water under them nights, for I do. —CANARIES.

I wish some kind reader of the BLADE would give a good way to work over jar butter in one-pound rolls. Can it be done with machine? If so, where can the machine be bought? Also, where are the wire-cloth lines manufactured?—W. W. S.

Will some of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD tell me how moles may be permanently removed? I have heard that blue vitriol would remove them, but is it safe to use it? —M. C. W.

We should hardly like to use blue vitriol unless it was advised by some good physician. In fact it is dangerous to meddle with such violent remedies. You had better wait until you have an opportunity to consult some one who makes a specialty of skin troubles. If you are not likely to be where there is one soon, consult some good one by letter.—ED.

Will some one please give recipe for cleaning chromos that are soiled?—L. V. WISE.

Will some of the HOUSEHOLD tell what is good for sulphur in coal. Sometimes there is so much I can not weld iron.—AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Is it customary to take presents when invited to a wedding reception? Also, do bridesmaids dress like the bride?—A READER.

It is not customary to take a present to a wedding reception. If you wish to give anything send it beforehand, with your card. Bridesmaids do not dress like the bride. Sometimes the dresses themselves are of the same color, but they are varied by the flowers, trimmings, etc.—ED.

Can you, or through any correspondent of the BLADE, give a recipe that will stop burning in the stomach, and to prevent food souring in the stomach? Lactopetine has been tried, but gave no relief. Also, what will relieve neuralgic sick headache? —A SUBSCRIBER.

Will you please tell me how the word "dude" is pronounced? Should a young lady take her escort's arm when going to supper, and which arm? Is it proper to eat cake with the fork!—MARY.

Just as it is spelled, making one syllable.

Certainly, and the one he offers you, which will probably be his right.

It is not proper to eat cake with a fork.—ED.

I am a young man who has been sick since birth, and been given up by the doctors as "incurable." My health has never permitted me to do manual labor, and I have therefore mostly amused amused myself with reading and writing; I have also studied music, but my pecuniary circumstances will not allow me to purchase books, etc. I therefore wish to know if any of the BLADE readers have poems and other reading matter they do not care for, and are willing to dispose of; I would also like to corresound with authors who have MSS. for stories, etc, and with new composers of music.—T. SEM REIMSTADT, Carthage, Miner Co., Dak.

When I was a boy at school, I read in McGuffey's Readers—the original series published about 1850. As I got through with my books, I gave them to other younger scholars. I never wore out a book and now I should like very much to have some of those same books for the sake of old associations. If any reader of the BLADE can inform me through the HOUSEHOLD or by postal card, where I can get either the first or third book of that series, I shall be much obliged.—S. G. ROBBINS, Archie, Pa.

Will some reader of the HOUSEHOLD Department please tell "A B. R.," how she dyes light colored ostrich feathers black?

Will some one tell me about New Mexico, whether its climate is healing for consumptives? Where would be the best place to locate?—CONSUMPTIVE.

I wish some one would tell how to crochet an edging of yarn? I wish some of the ladies and girls would tell how to make pretty cheap articles? Will some one tell how to stop drinking coffee? It is dangerous for me to drink, still I can't stop. Will some one please give a recipe for making candy? Why can you not publish an article written on both sides of the paper?—K. S.

Because copy is always cut up into small parts for the composers to set up rapidly. Of course the reverse side would not come in order. When it is written on both sides it necessitates one man setting up the whole article.—ED.

Will some one please give me a recipe for taking paint off woolen or cotton goods? I have good dresses spoiled with it. Also tell how to make a nice needle cushion.

I find rising elder blossoms to remove tan, according to the editor's directions, and within a day or two it smelled as though it was spoiled, until I had to throw it out. Does it have to be used while fresh, or what was the matter?—FAITH.

It must be made fresh every day or two. Like any other tea, it will spoil unless something is put in to prevent it. If you cannot have it fresh, do not use it at all. Substitute sour milk, or lemon juice and glycerine, if the latter agrees with your skin. Some people cannot use it at all, while others find it very beneficial. You must judge for yourself.—ED.

Will some one please give their opinion as to the prettiest pieces for the piano or organ?

Do any of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD know where I could get the French alphabet? Also the names?—A READER.

Answers to Inquiries.

Two or three persons have asked me about kalsomining, and I will try to answer their question and make it as plain as possible. I used a preparation called "Alabastine." It can be procured at any first-class hardware store. It is 10 cents per pound and I allowed five pounds for a room 12x15, walls 9½ feet high. This is sufficient for two coats. I then got a flat painters' brush and paid 90 cents for it, but one costing 70 cents is all the most of women care to handle. This makes a very nice finish for a hard wall, for after it is dry you can not rub it off. Then you can get any kind of a border you choose; I got a gilt border six inches deep and had the ceilings pure white. It makes a handsome looking room.

Some one asked a while ago how to clean paint brushes after they had become hardened. I had one that I thought was beyond redemption, but I cleaned it with hot water and strong soft soap. After kalsomining, clean your brush with warm water—no soap. You can get any tint of this material you want.—PANSY.

I will tell "Jeanna" how to cook egg plant. Pare and cut in slices ¼ inch thick. Sprinkle with salt, cover and let stand 1 hour. Rinse in clear cold water. Wipe each piece dry. Dip first in beaten egg, then roll in cracker or bread crumbs. Season with pepper and salt and fry brown in butter.—RHODA, Box 266, Caro, Mich.

MRS. U. W. Allen, Knoxville, Tenn., asks me if any one past 25 can make a really excellent pianist, with the best instruction. Yes, they can, if they have not done much rough, hard work. I have pupils of 40 and over that age, who seem to have great confidence in my method. For them I use special finger drills to limber the hands, and they all improved rapidly, but none of them had ever performed hard labor, had washed, scrubbed, etc., so their fingers were not permanently stiffened, and I had them oil their hands at night to limber them. To those who ask me to recommend instructors, and I have purchased for BLADE sisters instructors (as I deal in all kinds of instructors it is not to my advantage to puff any one) I answer for complete and thoro bass, etc., to take in everything Ludd's instructor is, in my estimation, a very thoro work. For common music Clark's White is good. I sell all instructors, any music published anywhere, and send it to parties ordering, so it is not meant for advertising. I am not paid to puff any work, one reader is as good as another, and I try to do well by my patrons, when they write for terms. ELLA GUERNSEY, East Sedalia, Mo., No. 1220 Tenth street.

Paper worn between the boot and sock will keep cold out; also worn in other places. Rick-rack is nice trimming for underwear. —KANSAS SUN.

If all of your subscribers who want wild cucumber seeds will send me a directed envelope with a two-cent stamp on it, I will send gratuitously all they want while the supply lasts.—B. C. EDWARDS, Bowensburg, Ill.

I notice in the last issue of the BLADE where "E. Guernsey" says that a full set of chords, written by any teacher or good player, is the same thing as a chart that promises so much. I deny that assertion, that a full set of chords is one-half as good as a genuine music chart. She speaks of a full set of chords. I would like to know what she calls a full set of chords. There are but three principal chords used in music. The first is Ionic, 1st, 3d and 5th of the keys in any order; the second is called Subdominant, 4th, 6th and 8th of the keys in any order; the third is the Dominant, and Dominant, 7th 8th, 7th 2d and 4th of the keys in any order. Again, she speaks of a chart that promises so much. Let me say here the chart that I use does more than it promises. It teaches the laws of every key, major or minor, and their transpositions, ten times faster than any other method known.—SUBSCRIBER.

I see in the last paper (BLADE) a request from some one wanting to know in what proportions and how often to use ether and glycerine. I just took a teaspoon and dropped in two or three drops of each and dropped it in the ear as quick as possible just before going to bed, and syringe it out with warm water in the morning. There is no danger whatever in using it. You have to be as expeditious as possible, for it evaporates so quick.

Let us hear more on the Sabbath School question. I also have an infant class and would like to know more about it. Some one write their views.—MRS. E. D. MARCH.

Recipes.

Sandwich Cake.—2 cupfuls sugar, ½ cupful butter, 1 cupful sweet milk, whites of 5 eggs, 2½ cupfuls flour, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder. Take 4 tablespoonfuls of the dough and add ½ cupful molasses, 1 cupful raisins chopped fine. First put a layer of white, then one of the dark, then save enough light for the top. Have your dark, consisting of the molasses and raisins for the sandwich. If directions are followed correctly you will find it elegant.—MRS. CHURCH.

Jelly.—Some one asked for a recipe for grape jelly. I send mine: Place your fruit, currants, grapes, etc., in a porcelain kettle, with just water enough to prevent burning. When thoroly scalded strain through a flannel bag, and use as much sugar as juice by measurement. Place juice on stove alone and boil 25 minutes. Add the sugar and boil 10 minutes longer. Pour into small dishes. There is no failure about this. It is sure every time. Try it, you who boil and boil, and then only meet with success once in a while.—QUEEN BESS

Lemon Pie.—One grated lemon, 1 cupful of brown sugar, 1 cupful of cold water, the beaten yolks of 3 eggs. This is for one pie. Beat the white of the eggs to a froth, stir in 3 tablespoonfuls of white sugar. When the pie is done spread over the top and return to the oven till brown. "Aunt Jemima," let us hear from you again. Your letter was to the point.—MRS. DESMOND, Postville, Ia.

Pound Cake.—One lb of butter, 1 lb of sugar, 8 eggs beaten separately and very light, flour to make sufficiently stiff, 2 heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, scant cupful of sweet milk, and flavor with what you prefer. I also send a good recipe for pork cake.

Pork Cake.—One cupful of sugar, 1 cupful of molasses, 1 cupful of pork chopped fine, 1 cupful of milk, 1 cupful raisins, 1 teaspoonful of spices, nutmeg, cinnamon, cloves, allspice, citron, 4 cupfuls of flour, 1 teaspoonful of saleratus. The pork must all be fat; it is best next to the rind with no lean. This is splendid, and will not get dry and stale.—MRS. CHURCH.

Sweet Apple Pickles.—Pick

HOP BITTERS.

LOSS AND GAIN.

CHAPTER I.

"I was taken sick a year ago
With bilious fever.

"My doctor pronounced me cured, but got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides, and I got so bad I

Could not move!

I shrunk!

From 228 lbs. to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did me no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters. Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles I am not only as sound as a sovereign, but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life."

R. FITZPATRICK.

Dublin, June 6, '81.

CHAPTER II.

"Malden, Mass., Feb. 1, 1880. Gentlemen—I suffered with attacks of sick headache, Neuralgia, female trouble, for years in the most terrible and excruciating manner. No medicine or doctor could give me relief or cure until I used Hop Bitters.

"The first bottle

Nearly cured me,

The second made me as well and strong as when a child.

"And I have been so to this day."

My husband was an invalid for 30 years with a serious

"Kidney, liver and urinary complaint,

"Pronounced by Boston's best physicians "—Incurable!"

Seven bottles of your Bitters cured him, and I know of the

"Lives of eight persons"

In my neighborhood that have been saved by your Bitters,

And many more are using them with great benefit.

"They almost

Do miracles!" —*Mrs. E. D. Slack.*

HOW TO GET SICK.—Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor ill the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to *know how to get well*, which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters!

VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND,
Is a Positive Cure
for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.
A Medicine for Woman. Invented by a Woman.
Prepared by a Woman.
The Greatest Medical Discovery Since the Dawn of History.
It revives the drooping spirits, invigorates and restores the organic functions, gives elasticity and firmness to the step, restores the natural lustre to the eye, to plants on the pale cheek of woman the fresh crimson of life's spring and early summer time.
Physicians Use It and Prescribe it Freely.
It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER
Will at all times and in all climates, eradicate from the blood, and drive from the system, every taint or impurity. Insist on having it.
Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, $1. Sold by druggists. Sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box or either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3c. stamp. Send for pamphlet.
No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25c. per box.
Sold by all Druggists. (7)

SAMARITAN NERVINE.

SAMARITAN
NEVER FAILS.
NERVINE
THE GREAT
NERVE CONQUEROR

The only known specific for Epileptic Fits.
Also for Spasms and Falling Sickness.
Nervous Weakness quickly relieved and cured.
Dispelled by none in delirium of fever.
Neutralizes germs of disease and sickness.
Cures ugly blotches and stubborn blood sores.
Eradicates Boils, Carbuncles and Scalds.
Permanently and promptly cures paralysis.
Yes, it is a charming and healthful Aperient.
Kills Scrofula and Kings Evil, twin brothers.
Changes bad breath to good, removing cause.
Hoists biliousness and clears complexion.
Charming rosebeud and matchless laxative.
Quick as a flash like the wind.
Contains no drastic cathartic or opiates.
Promptly cures Rheumatism by routing it.
Restores life-giving properties to the blood.
Is guaranteed to cure all nervous disorders.
Reliable when all opiates fail.
Refreshes the mind and invigorates the body.
Cures dyspepsia or money refunded.
Prescribed in seven hundred of the fifty thousand Leading physicians in U. S. and Europe.
Leading clergymen in U. S. and Europe.
Diseases of the blood own it a conqueror.
For sale by all leading druggists. $1.50.
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Dr. Benson's Skin Cure consists of internal and external treatment at same time, and it makes the skin white, soft and smooth. It contains no poisonous drugs. $1, at all druggists.

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IS WARRANTED to cure all cases of malarial disease, such as Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular of July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

CLAIMS for Horses Lost
By Officers and Soldiers while in service can be collected under recent act of Congress by applying immediately. Apply to T. W. TALLMADGE, Attorney, Washington, D. C., who has had 21 years experience and recommended as reliable by Wm. Lawrence, 1st Comptroller of the U. S. Treasury. Also prosecutes Pension Claims.

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Communications should be written legibly, and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany the communication.

An Instructive Letter.

MCCUNE, Kan., Oct. 9, 1883.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

A short time since some one through the BLADE asks my wife to tell how she "breaks hens to set," and as she has also received a number of letters making inquiry about poultry, she insists that I should hereafter subscribe myself "Mr." to avoid mistakes. It occurs to me that to discuss hen-setting now, would be out of season, so I let it pass to another time.

The continued and rapid increase of the demand for poultry product, the large per cent. of profit it yields, makes it one of interest to all farmers. Few farmers, especially in the West, realize much if any thing from their poultry in Winter, yet Winter is the time the product commands high prices, and it is then that the farmer has leisure to give his poultry all the attention they need. But so much is said about this and that to feed hens in Winter, and how to house, that cost $2, $3, or $5, that farmers are perplexed and discouraged in the outset—the result is they build no chicken house, feed nothing, and get no eggs.

Even poultrymen think something out of the ordinary routine must be done to persuade a hen to lay in Winter, and they cook, stew and worry all Winter to get a few eggs and have a lot of sick, feeble chickens in the Spring.

All the knowledge we have of animals or plants is gained by a close observation of their habits and life, and it is this observation that points out to us their wants, and the conditions under which we can expect a given result.

A successful experience of 20 years with poultry has shown me many of the erroneous notions of even professionals. One of these ideas is that hens are not by nature Winter layers, but must be "forced," that Winter is their period of rest. The natural period of rest is during the moulting period—say from the middle of August to the middle of October—when, full-feathered and healthy, they are ready for the Winter's work; and a hen in good condition will lay more and better eggs in December, January and February than in any other three months in the year. To get this result the first requisite is healthy fowls, the second is a warm, dry house, but not a $500 one. To make housing for Winter take scantling or forks and poles, put up a stout frame the size desired—12x20 feet will accommodate 100 hens; make this frame 5½ foot high at the eves. On the rafters and the west, north and east side nail poles or old boards about a foot apart; now pile up around the three sides, and on top, corn fodder or straw; make the roof thick enough so no water will soak through. Board up the south side tight, putting in a door and a window 10 feet long, and two or three feet wide; protect the window inside with slats or wire screen. Arrange perches and nests around the walls, putting nests under windows. In this house put a box 4x6 feet square, and one foot deep. Keep this box filled about half full of dry dirt and ashes or lime, occasionally throwing in a handful of sulphur. Put in a good-sized water trough and feed boxes.

A hen will safely stand 15 degrees of frost, and, if in good condition, 20. So when the temperature is 15 to 10 degrees above zero, you can safely "open your fowls during the day, if the day is clear. It is well to have sheltered places about the chicken house, that they may have the sun and fresh air and be protected from the wind. Do not say, now, that you are too poor to have a chicken house.

But some one says: "I haven't yet ground bone and crushed shells to feed the hens, and I read that they must have this in Winter to make them lay." I have read plenty of just such stuff, and it is this class of writing that befuddles the farmer into doing nothing. Let Indian corn be the staple for food. Feed it on the cob. If shelled, the birds will eat too fast and immediately drink to gorge the crop. A dough of one-third cornmeal and two-thirds wheat-bran fed warm in the morning is an excellent change. Never feed pure cornmeal dough, as it is liable to dry in the crop and cake. Never feed oats; the sharp points are liable to irritate the crop and cause inflamation. You can safely feed sugar-millet seed, broom-corn seed, Hungarian seed, and well-cured clover hay is excellent food. Feed plenty of vegetables, such as cabbage, turnips and rutabagas, chopped fine.

For years I have sown in August a patch of rye near the chicken house, and this has in this latitude furnished them all the vegetable food necessary. In addition to what I have said, keep the chicken house clean, and give them access to plenty of lime, gravel, coal cinder or clear coal, and pure water.

To those of the BLADE readers who have written to me, as well as those who wrote to my wife, I will say the minute details that lead to success in any business, and especially poultry, are so numerous and varied in different climates, soils and breeds, that it would be tedious for me to write them, and more so for the newspaper man to set them up. When you understand the general requisites, these small details can be studied out. Study your flock of birds, find the cause of any trouble, then try and avoid it in future. As you know more about poultry you can take care of them with less time or trouble.

Situated as I now am, I keep only a few chickens, about 100, and at no time in the year do they require 20 minutes of time in a day, and part of this is in gathering eggs. Yet if anything is wrong I know it at once.

While I would like for every reader of the BLADE to be successful with poultry, I cannot take time to write to individuals where the matter requires much writing.—W. M. EBEY.

Big Jaw in Cattle.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

What causes the disease commonly called the big jaw in cattle and give a cure for the same. Please describe the disease as I am not acquainted with it, but I have a valuable cow whose jaw has a swelling along the back up to the ear and under it as far as her mouth. I would like to know what it is, and a cure for it, if possible for you to give one. Does cattle take the distemper?
—A SUBSCRIBER.

A Yorkshire Egg Farm.

"Henwife" supplies to the London *Live Stock Journal* an account of a visit she has recently paid to a farm where the staple return is from hens:

In the middle of Yorkshire, at the picturesque Village of ——, surrounded by a beautiful scenery of heather, moor, hill, and rushing brown stream, lies the farm to which I refer. Mr. and Mrs. W—— are the only occupants of the cosy little stone farmhouse, and preferring to perform all the work of the dairy and poultry yard themselves, are therefore satisfied that it is well done. I should mention that the exceptional size and beauty of the eggs which I saw in a grocer's windows in the market town led me to enquire whether they were a specimen basketful or no, and being much struck with the reply that these were "only part of a consignment received that day," I begged permission to visit the farm which supplied them.

A short journey of half an hour brought me to the Village, where I was most kindly received; and Mrs. W. at once gave me full particulars as to her method of feeding and managing the hens. In the morning, about six, they receive a good meal of small round maize. Directly afterwards they go roaming all over the grass fields, always returning punctually at noon for their dinner. This second feed consists of the best Indian meal, mixed with a fourth part of very superior Scotch oatmeal, sweet and fresh; a sprinkling of spice is added, and the mixture made with boiling water. This they eat ravenously, and then rush off again to the fields. About five o'clock a duplicate meal is given them, after which they go to roost.

Mr. W. has not more than 200 hens. The breeds are mixed. In some I could see Andalusian blood; in others the nodding tuft and speckled plumage of the Houdan were apparent; Cochin and Brahma, as well as Dorking characteristics might be observed in others. From these 200 hens Mr. W. has obtained, from May 1 to September 1, 4,000 eggs. The largest price obtained for being 1s. for seven, and the lowest 1s. for 13. In April and May he several times collected 1,000 eggs per week. The average yield during May and June was 100 to 130 eggs per day. At this moment he is bringing to market 350 to 420 eggs weekly, the hens laying daily from 50 to 60 eggs.

Fifty eggs daily in September from 200 hens in deep moult, is a most extraordinary return; of course, a very large proportion are not laying in all at this moment. The eggs are quite over the usual size; six of them when selected turning the scale at a pound; but they average seven to the pound picked up haphazard from the nest.

Mrs. W. insists upon the food given to the birds being of the best quality, and distributed most punctually. She occasionally, in the Winter, makes a pailful of sour barley quite hot, by baking slowly for an hour, and considers it to be a great stimulus to laying. The hens are, many of them, in their fourth year, at the commencement of which they are killed. Mr. W.'s experience satisfies him that birds bred from laying strains do not reach the hight of their powers till the completion of their second year. Green corn he considers the worst of food for laying hens, and has observed that, if allowed access to the ricks at this season, they cease laying. He thinks it (being sweet and new) fattens, but lacks the stimulant contained in sound and thoroughly dried corn.

Referring to the ravages hens are supposed to commit in their ranging, Mr. W. spoke highly of the benefit conferred by poultry on grass lands, by devouring insects and manuring the soil. He informed me that when he began to farm his present tenement, 13 years ago—consisting of 16 acres—he could not make enough hay to Winter three cows, but that now he keeps 10 with ease. It is evident that in this case the "eye of the master fattens the steed," as the old proverb has it; but Mr. W. gives much of the credit to his poultry. Buttermilk forms another article of diet in the chicken yard; this or sweet milk is given in troughs, and especially during the Autumn and Winter months form a valuable beat-producer. On inquiring as to what method Mr. W. pursued in breeding his laying birds, he replied, "Whenever I see a good layer, I buy her, and set a few clutches of her eggs, and always, when setting from my own birds, select the eggs of those which lay the largest ones, and that most frequently." The cocks are of the same mixed breeds as the hens. I think I saw about 20 in all. The soil is dry —a mixture of loam and sand, with here and there a good deal of limestone. The fowls houses are of the most simple description, and they have a free run over the grass fields. I left Mr. W's farm with a feeling of real pleasure. It is delightful to have found even one English farmer who allows that poultry will pay, and who demonstrates it so practically. All around his neighbors echo the old cry, "Fowls don't pay," and in many cases have given them up in despair. Great cleanliness, great care and punctuality in feeding, personal attention, and a simple and practical rule in breeding have brought about these excellent results. Why are there not many more such cases? I have often urged upon farmers and cattlegers to establish a profitable breed of poultry. Perhaps this instance of a well earned and paying return may encourage them to go and do likewise.

Testing Strawberries.

A correspondent of the *N. E. Homestead* says:

A fair trial with 10 varieties of strawberries, raised on 77 rods of ground, gave me on an average a bushel of nice berries on every rod of ground. Some kinds gave more than four times the amount of berries that others did with the same care and fertilizers. The Manchester gave me over six times as many berries as President Lincoln. The plants were set in narrow rows 11 rods long.

1 row of Manchesters produced	109 quarts
1 row of Miner's Prolific	69 "
2 rows of President Lincoln	32 "
2 rows of Champion	99 "
2 rows of Minnesota Seedling	180 "
3 rows of Crescent Seedling	261 "
4 rows of Miner's Prolific	276 "
4 rows of Windsor Chief	290 "
5 rows of Glendale	364 "
6 rows of Formula	390 "
8 rows of Wilson's	465 "

Thus there is a great difference in the yield of strawberries, to say nothing of the greater difference in appearance and quality of flavor, which was soon noticed by my customers.

A Wash for Trees.

The *Prairie Farmer* says: A wash which is highly recommended for trees is made as follows: Take one bushel of lump, fresh lime, 10 pounds of common sulphur (rock sulphur), 10 pounds of common salt in water, tub to hold from 30 to 40 gallons, then add from 20 to 25 gallons of boiling water, cover over; when cold brush it on with a whitewash brush, brushing into every crevice of the bark of the trees. It is said to be the best and cheapest disinfectant for all kinds of buildings where animal life is located; all the inside of cattle pens, railway cars, and cattle cars should be disinfected with it; it will prevent contagion, killing all germ animals, and prevent the eggs germinating.

Speculating Farmers.

A very suggestive item is this from the *Indiana Farmer*: "A Delaware County farmer recently lost between $3,000 and $4,000 in speculating in grain margins, or gambling in grain as properly called. We have frequently heard it intimated that a large proportion of the profits of the grain and pork speculators in Chicago and other Cities comes from the farmers in different parts of the country. It is no credit either to the morals or good sense of those who thus part with their money. An honest man should be content to make his living in an honest way, and a man of good sense should know better than to put his foot into the trap these schemers set for him.

Ensilaging Corn.

In answer to the query whether cornfodder, put down green with dry provender would not keep, the dry absorbing the juices of the green, a North Carolina correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* says: "I know a man in this State who put down alternate layers of green corn (cutting and letting it wilt), and dry wheat straw, and when it was opened several months after he found that it had not only kept well, but that his horses ate both straw and corn with great relish. He will hereafter put up large quantities of green corn in this way."

Dairies vs. Beef Raising.

As an illustration of the growing dairy prosperity of the Northwest, says a Chicago paper, we note the decline of the beef raising business in the dairy belt. Iowa sold $15,000,000 worth of beef cattle in 1879. In 1880 it was only $9,000,000, while in 1881 a trifle over $6,500,000. This is not because Iowa raises less stock than formerly, but because she raises more for dairy purposes; and, where dairies abound, beef raising is of secondary importance.

An Undoubted Blessing.

About thirty years ago, a prominent physician by the name of Dr. William Hall discovered, or produced after long experimental research, a remedy for diseases of the throat, chest and lungs, which was of such wonderful efficacy that it soon gained a wide reputation in this country. The name of the medicine is DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, and may be safely relied on as a speedy and positive cure for coughs, colds, sore throat, &c. Sold by all Druggists.

Durno's Catarrh Snuff.

This well known remedy for Catarrh still maintains its well earned popularity.. E. A. Savage, of Geneva, Kansas, writes, March 4, 1880: "I have used Durno's Catarrh Snuff, and it is the only thing that does me any good. It always effects a cure." Sold by all Druggists everywhere.

Townsly's Toothache Anodyne cures instantly.

Peculiar Proceedings in Alabama.

EUFALA, Oct. 30.—A reunion with special features of its own has taken place in this County. Thirty-five years ago John Boutwell wooed and wed Miss Jane Campbell, near Elamville. After a few months of wedded life the couple parted, owing to the wife's jealousy of her husband. Mr. Boutwell took up his residence in Dale County, where he married, became the father of a large family, and accumulated a competency. Mrs. Boutwell remained in her old home, and after a few years became the wife of a man named Johnson. All this took place without the preliminary of a divorce. Recently the second Mrs. Boutwell died, as did Mr. Johnson, thus leaving the original parties single once more.

Boutwell became greatly embarrassed, and was in danger of losing all his property through claims of his creditors. In this emergency he went to his first wife, represented his situation, and urged her to resume their relations which had never been legally broken off, and thus by taking advantage of the laws protecting a wife in her homestead, he could keep out of ruin. The lady agreed to the proposition, and the couple are now finishing the honeymoon so rudely interrupted 35 years ago.

If your hair is gradually thinning and fading, use Ayer's Hair Vigor. It restores color and vitality.

After Sen. Sharon Again.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 1.—Miss Aggie Hill, claiming to be Mrs. Sharon, brought suit in the Supreme Court against Sen. Sharon for divorce and a division of the common property and alimony, the claims being based on wilful desertion and adultery. She says that when she married Sharon he was deeply in debt, and the property was only worth $5,000,000. Under joint management as man and wife, the estate is now worth $15,000,000. She asks that account be taken of all business transactions since the marriage and that the value of the common property be determined and equally divided.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound strengthens the stomach and kidneys, and aids digestion.

Ohio's Gold Field.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 1.—Another discovery of gold has been made in Clermont County, O., about three miles from the place worked for gold in 1869. There is much excitement in the locality.

Headache—sick, nervous, neuralgic, removed by Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills.

The Sunday School.

David Anointed.

LESSON 7, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1883.

Golden Text—I have found David my servant; with my holy oil have I anointed him.—Psa. 89: 20.

LESSON TEXT.

1 Samuel 16: 1-13.

1. And the Lord said unto Samuel, How long wilt thou mourn for Saul, seeing I have rejected him from reigning over Israel? fill thine horn with oil, and go, I will send thee to Jesse the Bethlehemite, for I have provided me a king among his sons.

2. And Samuel said, How can I go? if Saul hear it, he will kill me. And the Lord said, Take a heifer with thee, and say, I am come to sacrifice to the Lord.

3. And call Jesse to the sacrifice, and I will shew thee what thou shalt do; and thou shalt anoint unto me him whom I name unto thee.

4. And Samuel did that which the Lord spake, and came to Bethlehem. And the elders of the town trembled at his coming, and said, Comest thou peaceably?

5. And he said, Peaceably; I am come to sacrifice unto the Lord; sanctify yourselves and come with me to the sacrifice. And he sanctified Jesse and his sons, and called them to the sacrifice.

6. And it came to pass, when they were come, that he looked on Eliab, and said, Surely the Lord's anointed is before thee.

7. But the Lord said unto Samuel, Look not on his countenance, or on the height of his stature; because I have refused him; for the Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.

8. Then Jesse called Abinadad, and made him pass before Samuel. And he said, Neither hath the Lord chosen this.

9. Then Jesse made Shammah to pass by. And he said, Neither hath the Lord chosen this.

10. Again Jessie made seven of his sons to pass before Samuel. And Samuel said unto Jesse, the Lord hath not chosen these.

11. And Samuel said, Jessie are here all thy children? And he said, There remaineth yet the youngest, and, behold, he keepeth the sheep. And Samuel said unto Jesse, Send and fetch him, for we will not sit down till he come hither.

12. And he sent and brought him in. Now he was ruddy, and withal of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look to. And the Lord said, Arise, anoint him; for this is he.

13. And Samuel took the horn of oil, and anointed him in the midst of his brethren; and the Spirit of the Lord came upon David from that day forward. So Samuel rose up and went to Ramah.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

This lesson, which tells of God's choice of a successor to Saul, as king of Israel, illustrate the truth that:

GOD NEVER LACKS A MAN FOR HIS WORK.

And its teachings show us:

1. Our Way of Seeing Difficulties (vs. 1, 2.)
2. God's Way of Meeting Difficulties (vs. 1 to 5.)
3. Our Way of Judging Men (vs. 4 to 6.)
4. God's way of Judging Men (vs. 7 to 13.)

1. OUR WAY OF SEEING DIFFICULTIES.

The Lord said unto Samuel, How long wilt thou mourn over Saul, seeing I have rejected him from reigning over Israel? (v. 1.) When Saul failed as God's servant, things looked dark to Samuel. After all the care in picking out Saul to be king, and after all the good start made by Saul as king, to have him prove unfit for the place, was disheartening, and Samuel, with all his faith and experience, didn't see how this thing was to be remedied. When a good President has been taken away; when a great statesman has died; when a foremost man in business circles has proved unsuccessful; when a leader in the religious world has become a moral wreck; when, indeed, any one in any sphere, to whom we have looked up, or on whom we have leaned has failed us, or as a support—the feeling is a natural one that the case is irremediable, not only to us, but to all the interests dear to us. Our inclination is to give way to hopeless sorrow and despair. When the good old father of Samuel J. Mills, the father of foreign missions in America, heard that his noble son had died off the coast of Africa, his quaintly expressed regret was "Where, the Lord's all in the fire again!" and a great many others have had a like feeling with lesser or greater cause; for this is one of ways of seeing difficulties, with our short-sightedness.

Samuel said, How can I go? if Saul hear it, he will kill me (v. 2.) It often seems to us that God's directions cannot be obeyed. There are insurmountable difficulties in the way. We can see those difficulties, and while we wouldn't really say that God does not see them, they somehow seem to have been overlooked in God's directions. There are difficulties in training our children; difficulties in the way of doing business honestly and truthfully at every point; difficulties in proving faithful toward our Christian brethren, and to those who are in the world. These difficulties in the way of walking by sight instead of faith. God clearly says, go in that path; but in the face of these difficulties how can we go?

GOD'S WAY OF MEETING DIFFICULTIES.

The Lord said, I have provided (v. 1.) We cannot see ahead; but God can. God has looked ahead and planned ahead, and provided ahead. The path that seems to us all beset with insurmountable difficulties is to God plain and passable to its very end. This is as true of one path of duty as of another. God never yet directed one of his creatures along a path of duty without making provision in advance, for every possible emergency throughout the entire length of that pathway. And that in itself ought to be a comfort to us in every time of doubt about our future, and in every time of perplexity, as to the possibility of our surmounting the difficulties which seem insurmountable. The Lord says, Go on, in that path. We look at the difficulties which face us, and ask How can we go? The response of the Lord is, Go; for I have provided the way. Arise, let us be going.

I will show thee what thou shalt do (v. 3.) The Lord might have told Samuel in advance just what he would have him to do; just which of the sons of Jesse was to be made Saul's successor; but the Lord did not do that. The Lord told Samuel to move down along the path of duty, and he promised to show him step by step what he was to do in that path. That is the common way of the Lord's dealing with his children. He hath made provision for them all the way along their course; but he does not disclose all of the provisions beforehand. When a swelling Jordan rolls between his children and the Land of Promise, the Lord tells his children to push right down into the water, trusting him to find them a dry path over the bared river bed. It is not for us, to say, Show us the dry path, and we will go in it; for the Lord's method with us is: When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee. Go forward, and I will show thee the way.

3. OUR WAY OF JUDGING MEN.

Surely the Lord's anointed is before him (v. 6.) Samuel probably counted himself a pretty good judge of human nature. Most of us are reasonably very confident just at that point. And Samuel doubtless, had good reason, (as the world goes) for being impressed with the personal presence of that imposing eldest son of Jesse. That son's appearance was evidently in his favor; and appearances go a great way to help us in our judging. And when a politician makes a good show of fairness in his promises and explainings; when a business man seems so enterprising and successful; when a new preacher draws a full house, and swells the new rentals—there is a great temptation for the impressed or interested looker on to say, in all sincerity, "Surely the Lord's anointed is before him;" for man's way of judging is by looking on the outward appearance. It is not easy for any of us to arrive at any other method of judging.

4. GOD'S WAY OF JUDGING MEN.

Men looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart (v. 7.) If we could look on the heart, we could judge more intelligently, even if we could not always judge more fairly than at present. And if we could read hearts we should think better of some persons and worse of others, than we do now. There are those whom we depreciate because of our failure to know their inner spirit and purposes. They would rise greatly in our estimation if we could see them just as they are. And there are others of whom we now think highly, from whom we should start back appalled, if their inner life were exposed to our gaze. But heart-reading is beyond our attainment. With our present limitations we shall have to be influenced, in our judgings, more or less by appearances. And the knowledge that our judgings, at the best, must be imperfect, ought to give us both caution and charity. Moreover, it ought to make us thankful that the judging of our fellows is with God, who can read their hearts, and not with us, who are unable to go beyond appearances. What a comfort it is that we can trust God to choose for us our friends and our helpers and our rulers, or to guide us in our choice of them, if we will commit to him our way in all such choosing.—*H. Clay Trumbull, in Sunday School Times.*

If Success be the true test of merit, it is a settled fact that "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" have no equal for the prompt relief of Coughs, Colds and Throat troubles. *Sold only in boxes.* Price, 25 cents.

News of the Week

Military Changes.

CHICAGO, Nov. 1.—The following has just been issued:

General order No. 17: I hereby relinquish the command of the Division of the Missouri, in order to assume the new duties assigned me by the President. In parting with the officers and soldiers whom I have had the honor to command for the past 14 years, I desire to express my thanks for the confidence and support given by them to my administration of this division. When I assumed command of it hostile Indians covered the country west of the Missouri River from the boundary line of our possessions on the north to the Cucho River in Texas, but few settlements existed, and the construction of railroads across the country had only just begun. Since then the Indians have been so far subdued that in the territory formerly occupied by them alone, Cities, towns, and cattle interests have grown up and railroads have been built. In these great changes the troops of the division have been active and important agents. During many of these years it has been my special gratification that I have had no disagreement with my subordinates, and that, from Department Commander to the private soldier, faithful service has been rendered to the Government. With the assurance that I shall always remember the hardships suffered, battles fought, results achieved, and the gallant comrades who have lost their lives in savage warfare, I resign a command that has been to me a pleasure, as well as a duty.

P. H. SHERIDAN, Lieut. Gen.

General Orders, No. 10.

In compliance with General Orders, No. 71, Headquarters of the Army, dated Oct. 13, 1883, I hereby assume command of the Division of the Missouri. Capt. Wm. M. Wherry, Sixth Infantry, and First Lieut. Charles B. Schofield, Second Cavalry, are announced as Aides-de Camp.

J. M. SCHOFIELD,
Maj. Gen. U. S. A.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 1.—The formal transfer of the command of the Army from Gen. Sherman to Lieut-Gen. Sheridan took place to-day at the headquarters of the army in the War Department building. Gen. Sheridan spent the forenoon in making himself acquainted with the business of his office. Gen. Sherman and members of his staff rendered him every assistance. Shortly before 12 o'clock the two highest officers of the army called on the Secretary of War, Gen. Sherman to take official leave and Gen. Sheridan to report for duty. The transfer was accomplished quietly and without any ceremony whatever beyond the issuance of a general order notifying the army of the change of commanders.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 31.—The correspondence incident to the retirement of Gen. Sherman from the active command of the army is as follows:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES,
WASHINGTON, Oct. 8, 1883.

Hon. Robert Lincoln, Secretary of War:

SIR—By act of Congress approved July 15, 1882, all army officers are retired on reaching the age of 64 years. If living, I will attain that age the 8th of February, 1884; but as that period of the year is not suited to the changes or my retirement, I have long contemplated anticipating the event by some months, and enable the President to make these changes at a more convenient season of the year, and also to enable my successor to be in office before the assembling of the next Congress. I therefore request authority to turn over the command of the army to Lieut. Gen. Sheridan the first of November, 1883, and that I be ordered to my home at St. Louis, there to await the date of my legal retirement; and inasmuch as I will have for a long time much correspondence about the war and official matters, I also ask the favor to have with me for that time my two personal Aides-de-camp, Cols. John E. Tourelotte and John M. Bacon. Others of my personal staff, viz, Cols. Wm. Poe and J. C. Tibball, have already been assigned to appropriate duties in their own branches of the military service. All should retain their ranks and pay as aides-de-camp until February, 1884.

By or before the 1st of November I can complete all official reports, and believe I can surrender the army to my successor in good shape and condition, well provided in all respects, and distributed for the best interests of the country. I am grateful my physical and mental strength remains unimpaired by years, and am thankful for the liberal provision made by Congress for my declining years, which will enable me to respond promptly to any call the President may make for my military service or judgment as long as I live.

I have the honor to be, your obedient servant,

W. T. SHERMAN.

Gen'l W. T. Sherman:

GENERAL—I have submitted to the President your letter of the 8th inst., requesting you be relieved of the command of the army on the first of November next, as a more convenient time for making changes in military commands which must follow your retirement from active service than would be the date of your retirement under the law. In signifying his approval of your request, the President directs me to express to you his earnest hope that there may be given you yet many years of health and happiness in which to enjoy the gratitude of your fellow citizens, well earned by your most distinguished public services. It will give him pleasure to comply with your wishes respecting your aids-de-camp, and the necessary orders will be issued. I have the honor to be, General,

Your most obedient servant,
ROBERT T. LINCOLN,
Secretary of War.

Rheumatism, neuralgia, and catarrh, caused by impoverished blood, are cured by Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Public Lands.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 1.—The Commissioner of the General Land Office, Hon. N. C. McFarland, in his annual report states that disposals of public lands during the year embraced 19,037,697 acres, and Indian lands 399,235 acres; increase over 1882, about 5,000,000 acres, and over 1881, about 8,000,000 acres. Receipts from all sources for collection and disposals of public lands were $11,088,473, and from sales of Indian lands $625,404; total, $11,713,883.

He recommends that the pre-emption law be repealed. The report recommends amendment of the homestead laws requiring a period not less than six months after the settlement of the claim that has been placed on record before final proof, shall be admitted irrespective of alleged time of residence prior to entry. The Commissioner states that the commutation feature of the homestead laws is open to the same abuses as the pre-emption laws. He urges that the homestead laws be amended so as to require that the proof of actual residence and improvement for a period not less than two years before the homestead entry may be commuted by cash payments. The report further recommends the total repeal of the timber culture law, on account of its inherent defects. The same objection the Commissioner finds in the operation of the desert land act, and he finds that entries have been largely made for speculative purposes, with no intention of reclamation. The practical operation of the law has been to enable land to be purchased in large quantities, thus resulting more to the encouragement of monopoly than the encouragement of reclamation. The Commissioner is of the opinion that timber lands should be reserved by law from ordinary disposal, and should be sold only after appraisement and upon settled land. He recommends the passage of an act to make false and fraudulent returns of public surveys punishable by fine and imprisonment. The practice of fencing public lands is condemned.

The Commissioner asks that his salary be fixed at $5,000 and for a moderate increase of salaries of the principal officers and clerks of his department.

"Dr. Benson's Skin Cure has driven away all my eruptions," says Ida C. Young, Hamilton, Ill.

Living on Cocoanuts.

KEY WEST, Fla., Nov. 1.—The schooner Henry Dennison reports passing Swan Island Oct. 24. She was boarded by a boat asking for provisions. The island people, 14 in number, had nothing but wild hogs and cocoanuts, and no ammunition to shoot the hogs. The schooner supplied provisions to probably last 10 days. The people were expecting a vessel from Baltimore with provisions. If nothing passed since they must be nearly starving.

Malarial Poison.

Having spent much of my time for the past three years in and near Albany, Ga., I had gradually absorbed malaria into my system, and my general health was completely broken down; this poison culminated last November in a congestive chill, and I was confined to the bed and house for five months; was treated by the best physicians by all the approved methods with no benefit; my health was awfully broken down; my skin almost as yellow as a pumpkin; a thick heavy coat on my tongue; no appetite; and in a miserable fix generally. I was induced in April last to take Swift's Specific, and the first few doses convinced me that it was what I needed. I continued until I had taken several bottles, and am a well man, the poison has all been driven out of my system by Swift's Specific, and I have gained thirty pounds in weight.

C. M. CLARK, Agt. Southern Life Ins. Co.
Atlanta, Ga.

Dynamite.

LONDON, Oct. 30.—At 8 o'clock last evening a terrible explosion occurred near the Praed street underground station of the Metropolitan railway. On the first alarm a strong cordon of police was summoned to keep order, clear away and convey wounded passengers. The passengers on the train at the time of the explosion say there was suddenly a loud report like a cannon, then sudden darkness, the gaslights from the front to the rear of the train being put out. Glass was broken and splinters of wood flew about the cars, cutting and wounding many passengers. Above the din were heard the shrieks of injured and panic stricken people. All this occurred in a moment, and for a while confusion reigned supreme. The train, which was crowded, contained principally country visitors returning from the fisheries exhibition. After leaving the station the train traveled steadily ahead, although the concussion smashed nearly all the lamps in the Praed street station and caused much damage to the permanent way. When the train reached the next station at Edgeware Road, the first effort was made to rescue the wounded. Some were dreadfully burned, but more prostrated by the fright. All the doctors, surgeons and dispensaries in the neighborhood were called into requisition. The first impression was that an accidental explosion was the cause of the disaster, but later inquiries tend to show that it was malice. The rear carriages were damaged the most. They were mere skeletons. The shock of both explosions is described by the officials as very similar to the shock of the explosion at the local government board offices in March last in which Dr. Gallagher was implicated. It is stated that four machines similar to this were found in the tunnel near Praed street. Altogether six carriages were shattered by the explosion near Praed street. Although about forty persons were admitted to the hospitals, many more were injured, but sent directly to their own homes.

LONDON, Oct. 31.—The excitement over the explosions on the underground railway line last evening is very great. A large number of police under special inspectors were on duty all night at various railway stations and guarding the line. A heavy force also watched the Houses of Parliament and other public buildings. The explosion at Charing Cross occurred a distance of 200 yards west of the station; there was no train there at the time. The walls of the tunnel were battered, but the rails were not misplaced. The windows in the station were blown out; but the roof was not damaged. No person was killed there.

At Praed Street Station the force of the explosion was terrible. Although workmen have been busily engaged all night removing the debris they have not yet finished the task, nor has the damage at the place been repaired. The tunnel there was not

News of the Week

CRIMES AND CASUALTIES.

NEW YORK, Nov. 4.—Policeman William Conroy Saturday night brought into the 21st precinct station a prisoner, Peter Keenan, a furniture mover, 24 years old. Keenan's head was covered with blood flowing from cuts caused by the policeman's club, and in the abdomen he had a bullet wound. He was removed to the hospital and died soon after. Policeman Conroy says he arrested Keenan for being disorderly, that a mob assaulted him, and in self-defense he was obliged to use his club and revolver. Conroy was placed under arrest.

From information obtained by detectives and statements of witnesses at the Coroner's preliminary examination, it appears Conroy had been drinking heavily; he assaulted several persons without cause, and finally attacked Keenan, who was quietly standing at a bar, interfering neither with the policeman nor anybody else. After shooting him without warning, he dragged him from the saloon and clubbed him long after he became unconscious. Conroy made several contradictory statements about it.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 5.—Hubbard L. Milton, colored, shot and fatally wounded his mistress, Annie Hunter, in a Franklin street bagnio a few minutes before 12 last night. Milton was very jealous and during the evening the couple quarrelled about another man's ring which Annie Keenan had in her possession. About 11:45 they retired to their room, and 10 minutes later the other inmates were startled by three pistol shots in quick succession. All rushed to Milton's room where Annie Hunter was found lying unconscious on the bed with two pistol wounds in the left side of the head and one in the right. Medical aid was summoned, but it was no avail, as the woman died this morning. The murderer, after committing the deed, jumped from the third story window to a shed and thence to the ground, but was captured several hours later just outside the City.

KINGSLAND, Ark., Oct. 31.—Last night, at New Edinburg, during the show, or concert, of Hunter's Great Consolidated Shows, some unknown parties from the outside fired a variety of shots into the main exhibition canvas, and then beat a hasty retreat and disappeared in the darkness, escaping. Strange to say, only one person was killed. The seats were crowded, and bullets passed through all sections of the audience. Chelmon De Cliienburg, one of the dancers contortionists, was shot through the head, dying in the ring. Citizens are determined to ferret out the assassins and bring them to justice.

NORFOLK, Oct. 31.—Accidental escape of oil at the Old Dominion Creosoting Works, at Money Point, a few miles up the river from here, destroyed in a few minutes the entire works, a quantity of lumber and 6,000 barrels of creosoting oil. The cause of the disaster was the loosening of the packing on the pressure pump, which let the oil escape and knock over a lamp. In a moment everything was in a blaze. The immense cylinders, 100 feet long by six feet in diameter, exploded and disappeared, it is thought in the river, 100 feet away from the works. Loss estimated at $100,000; insurance unknown. No lives were lost.

BATAVIA, N. Y., Oct. 31.—This village is greatly excited over the murder of Johnson L. Lynch, a lawyer of Utica, N. Y., by E. Newton Rowell, a paper box manufacturer, who came to Batavia from Utica about two years ago and engaged in business here with a partner named William T. Palmer. The murder grew out of the criminal intimacy between Lynch and Mrs. Rowell. Wednesday afternoon last Mrs. Rowell wrote to Lynch, saying that her husband was going to be away from home this week, and telling him that she would like to see him very much, but cautioned him not to write until she had written again, and then he could perhaps make arrangements to see her here and visit her. Yesterday Rowell pocket a valise and told his wife that he was going away, and she supposed he had gone. This evening Lynch came to Batavia, and proceeded at once to the Rowell house, where he had supper. After supper he and Mrs. Rowell repaired to a chamber and retired about 9 o'clock. Shortly afterward the room door was flung open and Rowell rushed in with a revolver in his hand. He discharged his weapon once, and Lynch sprang from the bed and rushed down stairs, followed by Rowell, who fired three shots while Lynch was descending. Lynch fell to the floor at the foot of the stairs dead. Mrs. Rowell followed down the stairway, and opening the street door, cried for help and somebody to go for a doctor. Rowell stood over her, upbraiding her for her infidelity. Mrs. Rowell's cries were heard by neighbors, and soon Coroner Toner and Sheriff Southworth arrived at the scene. Rowell was at once placed under arrest and subsequently taken before Police Justice Lent, where he answered not guilty to the charge of murder in the first degree. Lynch was 30 years of age and of handsome physique. Mrs. Rowell is 27 years old, and the mother of two children. She is very pretty. Rowell is small in stature, and usually of a quiet, undemonstrative disposition. He is about 35 years of age.

SAVANNAH, Nov. 1.—The losses from Wednesday's fire are estimated at $1,000,000. The insurance will probably not cover more than one-third of the loss. The burned region contains the best business addition to the three already recovered, were removed from the burned warehouse to-day. They were found lying together under a wall only a few feet distant from the gateway. The body of a colored woman was found adjacent to the warehouse. Also seven bones of negros, the remains of a white man recognized as Mr. Cash, overseer with a turpentine drayage firm. The bodies were burned almost beyond recognition and principally articles found on them were identified. The sight was sickening. The unrecognizable remains removed from the debris were placed in boxes and removed to the morgue to await the action of the Coroner and burial by their friends. It is believed that other bodies are still buried under the fallen walls and the firemen are still searching. The burnt district was visited by thousands to-day. The sufferers made destitute and homeless by the fire are being cared for by the City. A relief fund amounting to $4,000 has already been raised. The Secretary of War has thrown open the United States barracks for their use. The ruins are still smouldering but there is no danger of a fresh outbreak.

NEW YORK, Nov. 2.—A sadness of attempted suicide and probable child murder occurred here to-day. Mrs. Eliza Longershausen, sister-in-law of Traugott Longershausen, of this city, arrived in town with her child—a baby of 15 months old—yesterday and registered at the Clifton House. This morning, just after breakfast, it was discovered that she had poisoned herself and her child with laudanum. A physician was summoned and every effort made to save their lives. The child lingered until 7 o'clock this evening, when it died. The mother is considered out of danger but is almost crazed with grief at the result of her mad act. Her story is an affecting one. She was deserted some time ago by her husband in St. Joseph, Mo., where they lived. Last week she received a letter from him asking her to meet him in Saginaw, Mich. She gathered money enough to get there, only to find him gone, no one knew where. She then came on to Mt. Clemens where her husband's relatives live. Finding herself in a strange place with no money, in a delicate condition, and with a young child on her hands, she became desperate and intimated to several persons her intentions to seek relief in death.

PORTAGE, Wis., Nov. 3.—A heavy loss to the American Express Company occurred in this City last night at 11:30. At that hour W. P. Long, transfer clerk of the Express Company, was making the transfer of express packages to the train. In doing so he had the bag containing money swung over his shoulder, and while going through the door with a truck load of packages, the bag caught against a staple protruding from the side of the door, but it was not noticed that it had sustained any damage. In delivering the bag to the express messenger it was discovered that the bag was torn, and the way-bills and five money packages, containing something over $5,000, had dropped out. A search was at once made for the missing packages, but no trace of them could be had.

DAYTON, Nov. 2.—Nat. S. Haines, the defaulting market master, who had escaped to Canada two months ago with $10,500 of city bonds, was brought home this morning by a detective. He was delirious from drink and remorse, and died this afternoon.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 2.—A young man giving the name of Nouse was arrested to-day for attempting to swindle the Commercial Bank of this City. The plan was to deposit $500, and in a day or two draw it nearly all out, then deposit a draft for a large amount and e check against the draft. In this case it was for $9,600 from the Merchants' National Bank of Evansville, Ind., on the Leather Manufacturers' Bank of New York. When Nouse called to-day with a check for $3,500 he was arrested. He had two accomplices, one of whom was named Webster. The other is unknown.

GALVESTON, Nov. 3.—At Belton, Wednesday night, L. J. Williams, a lawyer, was passing in a restaurant of Geo. Eckles, when the latter stepped out, emptied four chambers of a six shooter into Williams' back. Eckles then went inside, returned with a shot gun, discharged one barrel into Williams' throat, and the other barrel missed fire, whereupon Eckles brought out another shot gun and shot both barrels at Williams' prostrate body. The pair had a difficulty a few days ago, during which Williams shot at Eckles, but missed him. The origin of the trouble is not stated.

INDIANAPOLIS, Nov. 1.—United States Marshal R. S. Foster with a posse of detectives went to Pike County, this State, last night in pursuit of a gang of counterfeiters supposed to be in that portion of the State. They succeeded in arresting nine of the gang this morning at Stelnville, a small Village in Pike County, about 25 miles from Evansville, after a desperate fight. Following are the parties captured: three brothers, Columbus, Jesse and Joseph Hanchens, Henry Grossman, Zinny Kinder, Wesley Wood, Phil Taylor, Bertie Smithers and Andy Hart. They were all brought to this City to-night in charge of the Marshal and deputies. During the fight Joe Hanchens was shot through the right lung, Jesse Hanchens in the hand, and Hart through his hat.

The gang have been operating in the Southern part of this State, with headquarters in Knobs, in the vicinity of New Albany. The spurious coins manufactured are half dollars and dollars in silver, and $2.50 and $5 gold pieces. The business of manufacturing the coin has been conducted on a large scale, their operations extending into a adjoining States.

ERIE, Nov. 2.—This City is very much excited to-night over the tragic death of four young men who went across the bay to the open peninsula on Wednesday morning and never returned. Their names are John W. Eyster, aged 30, mail agent of the Philadelphia & Erie Railway; Giles Russell, aged 30, extra mail agent on the same route; Charles Brown, aged 21, a carpenter, and F. C. Kelsey, a United States company employe between Erie and Kane, Pa. They had with them a sail and clinker boat. To-day the sail boat was found bottom up in the bay with three guns and a satchel belonging to Eyster. To-night the clipper was found near the lighthouse, the bow stove in. The bay is being dragged and a pair of rubber boots found, but no traces of the bodies. The wind was blowing a gale when they started to cross the bay on the way home. Eyster leaves a wife and Kelsey a wife and child. The others are unmarried. Russell is well known among lake men and vessel owners. Eyster formerly lived at Ridgeway, Pa. Kelsey's parents live at Rochester, while Brown is a resident of Erie. Much public sympathy is expressed, as the men were well known and popular.

FANCTON, Wis., Nov. 5.—Mrs. Ellen Long, a widow, and L. S. Whittemore, father of the boy found in the river with his throat cut, have been arrested for his murder. Detectives had their suspicions turned to Mrs. Long because of rumors that she once attempted to poison Whittemore's wife and failed. Searching the house they found bloody clothes, which she had been wearing up to the murder, and a butcher-knife and two razors stained with blood. In a well on her premises was found a club with blood marks. Neighbors say a criminal intimacy existed between the widow and Whittemore, and that it was known to his young son, who was, probably, thus disposed of to stop the scandal. The boy was missing 10 days, but the father made little effort to find him. The theory is that the boy was killed by Mrs. Long in her cellar, and that the father carried the boy to the river and hid it in the place where he pretended to first discover it, 10 days later. Mrs. Long, daughter of ex-County Judge A. H. Meyers.

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., Nov. 5.—Shortly after 2 P. M. to-day this City was visited by a destructive cyclone. The storm struck the woolen mills, destroying a portion of the buildings and doing great damage to machinery, then passing a little north of east demolished a number of residences. Striking the Dodson street at the corner of Boonville street, it followed the latter to a line between Kansas City and Springfield for three blocks, leveling residences in both Towns. Then tending a little northward the tornado passed to Bridgetown, a suburb of North Springfield. Total loss is estimated at between $150,000 and $250,000. Probably seven persons killed, and many injured. Great damage at Brooklyn and Republic. At Hazel Dell, a school house west of the City, was blown down. There were 50 children in the building, but none were seriously hurt.

HUNTINGTON, Ind., Nov. 2.—Charlotte Epps, was yesterday found guilty of murdering her husband last June by the administration of poison. Epps was an old and wealthy tacmelor, and was married to the murderess two months preceding his death, she previously having served him in the capacity of housekeeper. Her punishment is fixed at imprisonment for life.

CLARINDA, Ia., Nov. 2.—The cannon ball train over the Humiston & Shenandoah Road, going east, was wrecked Wednesday night at the trestle work over the West Fork River, five miles east of Shenandoah. The engine, baggage car and a coach pulled down the embankment 50 feet. The Pullman sleeper remained on the track. A. B. Worden, engineer, was killed, and the fireman and express messenger seriously injured. The accident is ascribed to the displacement of a rail west of the bridge by train wreckers, for the purpose of robbery.

CHICAGO, Nov. 1.—Charles Schroeder, 12 years old, was murdered this morning by Henry Peterson, a Swedish laborer, who is supposed to be a maniac. The deed was committed in a vacant lot on the outskirts of the city, the murderer using a club, with which he dashed out the boy's brains. The murderer was arrested.

FALLSVILLE, Nov. 1.—While Henry Hart, a young man living near here, was out hunting, he met with a most terrible death. He was climbing over a fence with his gun in his hand, when the weapon was accidentally discharged, and the bullet went crashing through his brain, killing him on the spot.

MILLERSBURG, Oct. 31.—A terrible accident occurred to-day in Monroe Township, this County. James Martin, while working about a circular saw, by some means fell against it, and before the saw could be stopped it sawed both arms and both legs, and also cut his body in two. The deceased was one of Holmes County's staunch citizens, and had spent nearly his whole life within her borders. He was about 68 years of age.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 1.—A tragedy resulted from a game of croquet Sunday, three miles from Woodberry, N. J. The players were two men and two women, Germans. Rudolph Himes became angry because his wife beat him, and kicked her with a heavy cowhide boot. She became unconscious and died soon after.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 1.—Mrs. Mary Welsh, aged 65, and her grandson, Charles Skillman, aged 7, were suffocated last night during a fire in their house in Cumminsville, in the northwestern part of the City. Mrs. Welsh, on discovering the fire, went out to give the alarm, leaving the child asleep; returning to rescue the child she was subjected by smoke, both were found dead when the fire was subdued.

VIRGINIA, Nev., Oct. 31.—Two masked men robbed the vault of the County Treasury of $8,000 late last night, then seized the Treasurer and locked him in the vault. The affair is considered as mysterious, as $4,000 of the amount was in silver, and too heavy to pack off.

Minor Mentions.

Cyrus Sargent, the owner of 100 fine farms in Wisconsin, was killed near Bloomington by being thrown from a load of hay.

Walter Garrett, a well-known citizen of Cold City, Georgia, forbade his wife to enter a house of worship, which order she disobeyed. He dragged her from the church and beat her so frightfully with a club that her life is despaired of.

Charles J. Delaney, of Camden, N. J., mail agent convicted of stealing $6 worth of postage stamps and three dimes from the Bridgton postoffice, is sentenced to pay a fine of $1,000 within a week or go to the State prison for one year.

Ex-Sheriff Oscar McKenzie, of Morgan County, Ky., was called to the door by Ben Reisner and two of his brothers, on the pretext of making up an old feud, and was fatally beaten with clubs and left for dead. The Reisners escaped, but are pursued by the Sheriff and a posse.

Charles Johnson fired into a room in a hotel at Amazonia, Mo., with the object of killing an enemy, and lodged 17 shots in the hip and abdomen of a man named Joyce—not the one he sought to kill. The thickness of the partition and bed-clothes made the wounds comparatively harmless.

The steamer "Katie T. Countz" and cargo were totally destroyed by fire at Davis's Landing, 20 miles above New Orleans. The cargo consisted of 50 bales of cotton, 3,500 sacks of seed and 600 sacks of coffee. The boat was valued at $18,000; insured in New York and Philadelphia companies for $9,000. No lives lost.

Chambers Kennedy, of Bradford, Pa., shot himself through the brain and died in 10 minutes. The cause was melancholy, superinduced by domestic trouble and poverty. He is thought to have been mentally diseased when he committed the rash act. His wife deserted him some time ago, and is now living with another man.

A Canadian Pacific freight train of 18 cars, coming east over the Port Arthur Branch, bore down a heavy trestle work at Hawk Lake, and precipitated the entire train, with the exception of the engine, into the immense gorge beneath. No lives lost. The Dominion Government had prohibited a train running on this branch for several years.

A peculiar accident occurred on the Kentucky Central Railroad, five miles north of Falmouth. The engine of a passenger train struck a bull, throwing from the track the baggage car and overturning it and two coaches and slightly damaging the sleeper. The track overhung a high embankment, and the river was below. Had the cars rolled down the same, many would have been killed, as it was, no one was hurt.

Bloody Race Riots in Virginia

DANVILLE, Nov. 3.—As was anticipated, the election excitement here culminated this evening in a bloody riot, in which five negros and one white man were killed and a number of whites and negros hurt. As nearly as can be ascertained the trouble originated from a trivial cause. A big meeting of citizens was in progress and resolutions were passed denouncing Mahone. A negro who mixed in the crowd shoved a white bystander from the sidewalk. The white man asked what he meant, and the negro apologized. Then a colored policeman remonstrated with the negro for apologizing, and took the matter up. Both parties fell to blows, pistols were drawn, and firing began on both sides. Four of the negros were killed and several wounded. A white youth, Walter Holland, son of a prominent tobacconist, was shot through the head and mortally wounded. The melee became general. The whites, however, outnumbered the negros in this particular portion of Danville and drove them off. The firing drew crowds to the scene, and the Mayor at once ordered out the military to quell the fight. The negros, however, retired to the black quarter of the Town before the soldiers arrived. The whole City was roused by the melee, and the wildest excitement prevailed. One company of militia at once cleared the streets, and something like order was restored.

RICHMOND, Nov. 5.—This morning a disturbance took place in Fredericksburg which almost brought about serious trouble. Capt. Morris Rowe, a prominent white citizen, while discussing the Danville riot was overheard by a negro named Street, who denounced the statement about the riot as a "funder," meaning "Democratic lie." The negro knocked Rowe down, but Rowe succeeded in getting him off and beat him pretty soundly. The affair attracted a large crowd of whites and blacks, and for a time serious trouble was anticipated, but it was prevented. There is feverishness in nearly all the districts of the State, and fears are entertained that other riots will occur in several places to-morrow if not to-day. More arms have been sold in the State in the past 10 days than ever before in time of peace, except probably just after the war. The excitement here the past few days has been intense, particularly since the Danville riot. While a collision between the whites and blacks here is not likely, yet the feeling is such that it will require but a slight hostile movement to precipitate a riot. The whites are making every preparation.

The members of the First Virginia Regiment are under orders from the Mayor to hold themselves ready for an emergency, and 150 special policemen are sworn in for duty to-morrow. In anticipation of a further disturbance in Danville and upon representations made to him, Gov. Cameron this evening issued orders for the Richmond Light Infantry Blues, Capt. Andrew Pizzini and a section of the Richmond howitzers, Capt. E. J. Bosher, to proceed to that City. The Richmond military leaves at 11 o'clock to night under command of Col. H. C. Carter, who on his arrival at Danville will assume command of all the military. He will report to the Mayor and City Sergeant, of Danville.

LYNCHBURG, Nov. 5.—An immense meeting to-night passed resolutions offered by Gen. Jubal A. Early, expressing sympathy for the people of Danville, declaring for a "free ballot and fair count" in to-morrow's election, and threatening summary vengeance on any man or set of men who undertakes to perpetrate a fraud

RICHMOND, Oct. 30.—At a political meeting near here Peleg Carren, white Mahonite and Constable for this district, said that Jones, a colored Straighout Republican, should not speak. Mr. M. M. Peebles, of North Carolina, took it up, whereupon Carren drew his knife and pistol and started for Peebles. Peebles fired at him, but his arm was knocked up by a friend, and the ball took effect in the arm of Willie Branch, causing a slight flesh wound. Carren's arm was turned as his pistol was fired, and the ball took effect in the thigh of E. N. Brown, (colored), formerly of Richmond, causing a painful wound. Anthony Branch (colored) sneaked up behind Benjamin Warfell (white), and struck him on the head with a pole, knocking him senseless. His wound is serious, and may result fatally. Branch escaped with the rest of the colored Mahonites, who fled when the firing began.

Where Pres. Arthur Made a Mistake.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 6.—In the case of Chester A. Artur, Collector, vs. Henry Pastor, relating to the proper duty on washed wool imported in 1876, the Collector, in accordance with his construction of the Revised Statutes, exacting duty as follows: On 3,294 pounds at 20 cents per pound, $658; on 1,627 pounds, its value as washed, at 22 per cent., $357; total, $1,015. The importer's calculation was 3,294 pounds at 20 cents per pound, $658; on 813, unwashed value, 22 per cent., $178; total $836. The United States Supreme Court held the importer's understanding to be correct and that the Collector erred in apparently assuming that some pounds of unwashed wool would be worthras much as washed.

The provision of the old tariff to which the construction is given in the above case, remains unchanged in the new tariff, so the decision has a present and prospective as well as a retrospective effect.

Mary Churchill Working in an Insane Asylum.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 4.—Thomas J. Gallagher, the well known sporting editor of the Globe-Democrat, who has been working the Mary Churchill case continuously for months past, finally located the girl yesterday in the Insane Asylum, three miles from Indianapolis, where she has been working in the laundry since September 4, under the name of Jennie Lockwood. Gallagher had a long interview with her last night, but he did not learn why she left home nor whether she will return. Her leaving home, however, was a voluntary act. She went alone, and all the theories about her elopement and marriage, or being any way connected with any gentleman, are all wrong. Churchill, the girl's father, left for Indianapolis to-day, and further developments will follow his seeing her.

INDIANAPOLIS, Nov. 4.—Miss Churchill gives no reason for her sudden disappearance. She left the City to-night in company with her father to pay a brief visit to her mother, but declares that she can make her own living and informed Dr. Fletcher that she would report for duty Wednesday.

The Escape of Crow Dog?

DEADWOOD, D. T., Oct. 31.—The escape of the Sioux Chief, Crow Dog, sentenced to be hanged in January for the murder of Spotted Tail, seems to have been an easy matter, which might have been accomplished long before. Since his incarceration he has deported himself so as to win the good opinion of all, while unmistakable evidence that the shooting was done in self-defense, and that he was tried and punished by tribal authorities, gave him universal sympathy. He was granted extraordinary privileges, including permission to stroll around town. Last night he sauntered to the hill back of the jail and has not been seen since. He suffered with hemorrhage repeatedly of late, and at one time his life was despaired of, hence the Sheriff believes he was again attacked while in the jail this evening, and is either dead or unable to return to jail. A large posse is in search. His counsel is now in Washington to apply for a habeas corpus, on which the case can be taken to the United States Supreme Court, Congress having appropriated $1,000 for the purpose. It is confidently expected that the Supreme Court will direct his discharge.

Cleveland's Sensation—Bishop Gilmour's Explanation.

CLEVELAND, Oct. 31.—Referring to the sensational report in this morning's Leader, that three nuns have decamped with $60,000, Bishop Gilmour says: "Three sisters have left St. Joseph's hospital and returned to their families. They have done so after years of dissatisfaction at the duties and responsibilities they assumed, and at their own request they have simply severed their connection with the sisterhood, and are not excommunicated. There is not one word of truth in the assertion. The sisters, when they left, took no money or anything else of value belonging to the church or corporate society."

A Brave Boy.

CHESTER, Ill., Oct. 31.—Wm. Phelps, the boy who was so severely hurt in the railroad accident here yesterday evening, died last night at midnight. Both legs were amputated near the hips, as close as possible to the trunk of the body. The boy endured the severe operation heroically, and with but slight use of opiates. He was perfectly conscious during the operation, and watched the surgeon's knife as it did its work. About midnight he said he could live no longer, and bidding farewell to his friends, calling them by name, he shook the hand of his father, kissed his grief-stricken mother and expired.

Spiritualistic Evidence in a Will Case.

ERIE, Pa., Oct. 30.—Morris and Dennison of Cleveland, examined witnesses in the Henderson will case to-day. A number of prominent Erie spiritualists were called to testify to the deceased's mental capacity, but were not examined, it transpiring that their conversations with him being since he died, and then only through mortals. Mrs. Henderson believes she can break the charity will by proving that he made it under mediumistic influence.

Secor, Berdan & Co., Toledo, are agents for the New French Process Soap. Ask your Grocer for it. No boiling or scalding.

NOVEMBER ELECTIONS.

Nearly a Clean Sweep for the Republicans.

New York, Massachusetts, and Pennsylvania Redeemed.

Negro Bulldozed in Virginia, and the State Probably Democratic.

A Sweeping Republican Victory in Connecticut—New Jersey in Doubt.

VIRGINIA.

RICHMOND, Nov. 6.—The negros refused to vote in Richmond and Danville, fearing trouble. Our latest dispatches say that the State is claimed by both parties, and the result cannot be known definitely to-night. The election passed off quietly

LATER.—The indications are that the Democrats have carried the State. It is estimated that the Democratic majority in this City is larger than ever before. The following Cities give Democratic majorities: Portsmouth, 35; Staunton, 321, Alexandria, 633; Fredericksburg, 291; Lynchburg, 406. Gen. Wickham is elected to the State Senate over Col. Jones, Readjuster.

10:30 P. M.—Official returns from 18 precincts in this City, and the estimated vote of the remaining three precincts, show a total vote of about 13,000, and an average majority of nearly 2,800 for the Democratic candidates for the Legislature.

Scattering returns from various sections of the State indicate a large vote and Democratic gains.

NEW YORK.

ALBANY, Nov. 7.—At 1 A. M., the Evening Journal claims Carr's election by 12,000. The rest of the Democratic ticket is possibly elected. The Senate stands 18 Republicans and 14 Democrats; the Assembly 68 Republicans and 60 Democoats.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON, Nov. 6.—The Senate, so far as the returns indicate, stands 31 Republicans and seven Democrats, with 17 districts to hear from. The Legislature stands 59 Republicans and three Democrats, with 241 districts to hear from. Both branches are strongly Republican.

A revised footing of 200 towns and cities gives Robinson a majority of 11,000, so the claim of a total Republican majority of 15,000 and over will be sustained.

PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 7.—1:15 A. M.—The Republican State ticket has 20,000 majority in Philadelphia. The estimated majority in the State is 8,000 for the Republicans.

MINNESOTA.

ST. PAUL, Nov. 6.—The Republican State Committee estimate Hubbard's majority in the State at 15,000, and in St. Paul and Ramsey County, 2,000.

One hundred and one Towns give Hubbard, Republican, 2,200 majority over Bierman, Democrat.

COLORADO.

DENVER, Nov. 6.—The election for County officers throughout the State is barren of important results, except in this City, where the straight Republicans made tremendous gains, electing Graham Sheriff by over 1,000, against the combined strength of the Democrats, Workingmen and disaffected Republicans. Leadville re-elects Becker, Democrat.

NEW JERSEY.

TRENTON, Nov. 7.—At 12:30 A. M. returns indicate Abbott's election by about 7,000 majority. The Republican to Committee is still hopeful. The Democratic State Committee claims Abbott's election by a large majority, but give no figures. They also claim the Legislature. The Republicans probably have the Senate by three majority, and the Democrats the House by four, giving the latter a majority on joint ballot.

NEBRASKA.

LINCOLN, Nov. 6.—Scattering reports indicate the election of the Republican State ticket by 8,000 to 10,000 majority.

OMAHA, Nov. 6.—Returns from 26 precincts and Douglas give Reese, Republican, for Supreme Judge, 1,082 majority. Vote light.

CONNECTICUT.

HARTFORD, Nov. 6.—Midnight.—The Senate will now stand 15 Republicans and nine Democrats, a gain of two for the Republicans. The House will stand Republicans, 151; Democrats, 98. Republican gain, 13.

ILLINOIS.

CHICAGO, Nov. 6.—Complete returns from the City give Shepard, Democrat, for Superior Court Judge, 4,000 majority over Jameson, Republican. Returns from the country Towns cannot overcome this, and the election of Shepard and the entire Democratic ticket, except one County Commissioner, is conceded.

MICHIGAN.

DETROIT, Nov. 6.—The biennial city election took place in this city to-day. The Republicans elect Stephen B. Grummond, Mayor, by 400; City Attorney by 50, and Clerk by 600. The Democrats elected the Treasurer by 1,200 to 1,500. The three members of the upper house of the Council are all carried by the Democrats. Half the lower House is also elected by the Democrats, and, with the hold-overs, they will carry it by one or two majority.

KANSAS.

TOPEKA, Nov. 6.—Enough returns from the Judicial Districts are in to make it clear that Martin, Democrat, is elected Judge of this County. Swan, Republican, is elected Sheriff; Spencer, Democrat, Clerk. The Republican ticket is elected.

MARYLAND.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 6.—Returns from several wards indicate McLean's (Democrat) majority in this City, 7,000.

MISSISSIPPI.

MEMPHIS, Nov. 6.—Meagre returns from Mississippi indicate a sweeping Democratic victory. So far as heard from the election was quiet.

DAKOTA.

YANKTON, Nov. 6.—Majority for the Constitution about 500; for Bonham about 250.

Pension Sharks.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 5.—Judge Ferris, Second Auditor of the Treasury, in his annual report, exposes the methods by which soldiers of the late war and the Government are being swindled by unprincipled attorneys and agents. He says not one in 10 applications for arrears of pay and bounty have any merit, and not one in 20 of all these claims is filed upon the suggestion or by the voluntary action of the claimant. The attorney seeks a client and represents to the uninformed, more generally colored soldiers or their heirs, that they have not been paid all justly due them; that some new law or new construction of the existing law entitles them to more money. A small fee in advance is required, generally $2 or $3, sometimes more, in fact, all that could be got, with a promise that no more will be demanded unless the claim will be allowed. The fee is allowed, the application filed, and in the end rejected. The attorney rarely looks after the claims. It does not pay. He has received his little advance fee and it pays better to hunt up more victims. Soldiers are swindled and after their claims are rejected they frequently denounce the Government and its officers, who simply administer the law as they find it. Another class of worthless claims is constantly increasing, namely, claims for bounties already paid. In many of these cases demands for former payments are made under oath, when the record of this office in the most authentic and highest manner known to law and the courts show conclusive payments to have been made years ago. So perjury is sometimes added to forgery, and the time since the war increases the chances of success to such perjurers and forgers. Should these records be destroyed and the calamity is not beyond the pale of possibility, the Government will certainly be defrauded out of millions of dollars.

Sec. Folger has written a letter to the Attorney General, submitting the question whether he can legally retain an examiner in the Pension Office to assist Col. Corkhill, United States District Attorney, in investigating the frauds by certain attorneys or claim agents upon pensioners. In concluding the letter Sec. Folger says his endeavor will be to vigilantly carry out the law regarding this matter, and assist in prosecuting these persons who have committed frauds on pensioners.

Indiana Barnburners.

CORUNNO, Nov. 2.—For some time farmers in this neighborhood who own self-binding harvesters have been receiving letters through this and adjacent postoffices, threatening vengeance because this machine has reduced the demand for farm laborers. These threats took the form of incendiary baru-burning this week. Several barns have been consumed already, including two last night. One of these was set on fire at 3 o'clock this morning, after the owner had guarded it till 2. There is much excitement and the farmers are forming a vigilance committee.

"Solid comfort" can be realized by those suffering from all kinds of Scrofula, if they will take Hood's Sarsaparilla and be cured.

CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

Dorsey, the star-router, has given $5,000 to the university at Santa Fe.

Coinage of the United States Mint for October, $1,359,914, of which $1,050,050 were silver dollars.

Miss Frances E. Willard was unanimously re-elected President of the Women's Christian Temperance Union.

Kate Townsend, queen of the New Orleans demi monde, and worth $200,000, was murdered by her paramour, Treville E. Sykes.

The steamer "New York," from New Orleans, sunk the steamer "Blanche Hopkins" off Philadelphia. Officers and crew saved.

Citizens of the Cherokee Indian Nation propose to establish a national bank at Vinita, Indian Territory, with a capital of $50,000.

The Chicago Collector claims $11,911.23 unpaid taxes for 1882, due from the firm of A. T. Stewart & Co., which has closed out its Chicago business.

Calvin Hailes, his wife and three children, of Topton, Pa., were poisoned by eating bologna sausage. The youngest child died; the others will recover.

The occupants of the flying-machine which 20,000 Parisians saw lifted skyward by a ballon, have been heard from. The machine wouldn't work.

An order in the Canadian Council is published announcing that the Government will pay a bounty on pig iron manufactured from Canadian ore.

A St. Louis athlete named Miles insisted that he could stand up before Sullivan, the pugilist, for two minutes. He was knocked out and off the stage in 30 seconds.

At New York, John Jurgens, boatswain of the steamship Maine, was lost while endeavoring to rescue Carl Ziegener, a passenger who had jumped overboard.

The latest accounts from Afghanistan show the country is in complete anarchy. The exchequer is without funds, troops demoralized, and the Ameer a mere plaything in the hands of Ghilzaio.

The Relief Committee organized at Milwaukee at the time of the burning of the Newhall House, will devote $3,000 remaining in its hands to the erection of a monument over the graves of the victims.

Robert Kerr, a dissipated member of a wealthy family, of Edinburgh, Scotland, was burned to a crisp in a house on Oak River, Manitoba, while intoxicated. He had just come into possession of a large sum of money.

The iron and steel imports from Great Britain for September were 55,144 tons, against 66,633 tons in August. The imports for the nine months of this year were 540,079 tons, and for the corresponding period last year 950,905 tons.

Prince Bebeloff, who originated the device of a wreath with broken chains, one of the floral offerings at the funeral of Turgenieff, the Russian novelist, has been expelled from St. Petersburg and placed under police surveillance.

The last annual report of Gen. Sherman is in the hands of the Secretary of War. The army consists of 2,143 officers and 23,335 men, the figures being almost identical with those of last year.

A contract for carrying the Pacific mail has been awarded to the Northern Pacific Road, which will add about $800,000 a year to its net revenues. Northern Pacific stock is expected to advance in consequence.

Kelly Shields, a noted burglar, sentenced to five years in the penitentiary, escaped from the Cincinnati jail Sunday, by concealing himself during religious services in the water closet and going through a window. Sheriff Hawkins offers $100 for his arrest.

Lieut. Graydon, sent by the Government to chart San Francisco harbor with the view of fortifying it against attack, says at an expense of $600,000 it could be made impregnable by the use of torpedoes and dynamite boats propelled by the principle applied to street cable roads.

Information is received from Gallatin that the special reports that Frank James was allowed the liberty of the streets was unfounded. The story was the result of a case of mistaken identity. James has not been on the street at all and not in the jail yard, except when attended by a deputy

The amount disbursed by army pension agents the last fiscal year was $50,906,501. Of this there was disbursed at Washington, $3,440,610; at Indianapolis, $4,154,805; at Chicago, $5,856,779; at Columbus, O., $5,684,320; total amount of arrears of pensions disbursed by the agents during the year, $79,811.

Camp Cree half-breeds are creating trouble in White Earth, 50 miles south of Buford, Dak. Many ranchers have been plundered and a number of cattle driven off and killed. Gen. Whistler has been appealed to for aid, and he has referred the matter to the Department Headquarters at St. Paul.

W. E. Sheridan played at Ford's Opera House, Washington, in "Louis XI." to a distinguished audience Thursday night. The President was in one box and Gens. Sherman and Sheridan in another. Sheridan, the actor, served in the civil war as a Captain under Gen. Sheridan and also under Sherman.

The floor of the M. E. Church, in Shelbyville, Ind., which has been crowded with revival meeting congregations, has been discovered to be in an unsafe condition, evidently rendered so by the great weight that has been placed upon it. The people believe a great catastrophe has been narrowly averted.

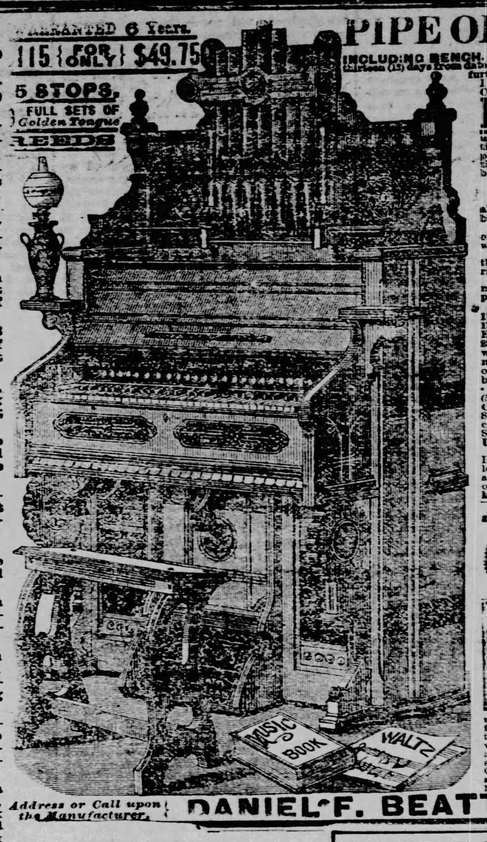
Respecting the probable request of the Forestry Commission to have Congress give to California and Nevada the land bordering on Lake Tahoe, to be preserved as a pleasure resort, the Central Pacific Railroad Company, who own it, say they will exchange it for other land if Congress is willing to donate it to the public.

The Martin Luther celebration by the Germans of Cincinnati, Sunday, was attended by 4,000 people. The principal oration was by Rev. Edward Huber, of Baltimore. Addresses were also made by pastors Spathlef and Reiche. Music on the grand organ and by a choir, and the congregation was interspersed.

The celebrated case of ex-Senator Tabor versus Wm. H. Bush, until recently his confidential adviser and business partner, for $30,000, balance of accounts, is just concluded in the Supreme Court. The verdict is for Tabor for nearly $20,000. In reaching the verdict Bush's counter claims for $10,000 for aiding Tabor to procure a divorce, and several others, aggregating $18,800, were not allowed. The verdict gives general satisfaction. Bush will appeal.

Pres. Andrews, of the Pittsburg, Cleveland & Toledo Railroad, says: "The injunction dissolved by Judge Acheson was not the one upon which the Rock Point trouble hinges, but it is on restraining the Pennsylvania Company from crossing the property owned by O. W. Kyle. The other case is one in which the Pennsylvania Company was enjoined at the instance of the Pittsburg, Cleveland & Toledo Road, and will have a hearing before Judge McJunkin at Newcastle next Wednesday.

The War Department has issued a special order appointing a court of inquiry to investigate the cause of the failure of the Greeley Relief Expedition and report whether the conduct of any officer of the army in the premises calls for further proceedings before a general court martial and the reasons for the conclusion they may reach. The detail for the court is: Brig. Gen. W. Benet, Chief of Ordnance; Col. R. Ayres, Second Artillery; Lieut. Col. O. M. Poe, Corps of Engineers; Maj. Henry Goodfellow, Judge Advocate U. S. A., will attend as Recorder. The court will meet in Washington, November 8.



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